

BETRAYAL OF THE BADGE'S HONOR

An original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITADEL HEIGHTS TOWNHOMES - NIGHT

An expensive silverish BMW convertible sits in the semi-crowded parking lot in south Kansas City.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A strikingly beautiful blonde, STACEY GREENLEASE, a mid-height woman in her early twenties with piercing blue eyes and a robust tan, answers a knock at the front door of the townhome. RANDY RIVERA, a Puerto Rican man with dark wavy hair and thick mustache, walks through the door.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

RANDY
Is Phillip ready?

STACEY
He'll be ready in a minute.

STACEY points to the sofa for RANDY to have a seat. An exceptionally handsome and tall African American male, PHILLIP FIGUEROA, enters the front room. He pulls STACEY under his long arms.

PHILLIP
Randy, this is Stacey Greenlease. She's the police woman who I was telling you about. We work on the force together.

RANDY extends his hand out to STACEY.

RANDY
Pleased to meet you, Stacey.

STACEY
Same here, Randy.

RANDY
Understand you're going out to Los Angeles with Phillip.

STACEY
(smiles)
Yes, that's right.

RANDY
Lucky you. I'd do anything to get out of Kansas City for a little while.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

RANDY, PHILLIP, and STACEY climb inside her expensive BMW.

EXT. 63RD STREET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two narcotics detectives with the KCPD, CARLO RUGGIERO and JAMES KRAMER, sit unnoticed in a blue unmarked police car. RUGGIERO is a heavy-set Italian man with brownish wavy hair. KRAMER is a thin-built white man with a bushy mustache. RUGGIERO stares seriously into the face of KRAMER.

RUGGIERO
(inquisitively)
Jimmy, you think Figueroa's dealing
dope?

KRAMER
I think the prick is guilty of sin.

RUGGIERO
Can't believe they'd let a cocksucking
prick like him on the force.

KRAMER
It's a known fact that he's letting
dealers get away with selling crack.

RUGGIERO
The department is gonna be watching
every move that he makes.

KRAMER jerks his head in a mischevious fashion.

KRAMER
He'll have a big surprise waiting
for him when he gets out to L.A.

INT. QUINCY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RANDY, PHILLIP, and STACEY stroll around a crowded, upbeat nightclub in east Kansas City. In the very back near a set of restrooms, there are a group of FOUR BLACK WOMEN, who closely watch the trio move through the dense crowd.

FIRST BLACK WOMAN
What's up with the fine brother and
the white girl?

SECOND BLACK WOMAN
The same thing that's up with all
these other black men and white women.

THIRD BLACK WOMAN

I feel like bumrushing his fine ass
and snatching him away from that
white girl.

FOURTH BLACK WOMAN

You've gotta give it to him. She's a
real cute white girl with a nice
body.

The FIRST BLACK WOMAN presses a finger to her lips.

FIRST BLACK WOMAN

Isn't he a police officer?

SECOND BLACK WOMAN

I saw him arresting somebody before.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY take their luggage off the baggage
carousel. They move through the immense CROWD inside LAX.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY load their luggage into the back of a
taxicab. The DRIVER gladly helps them along.

PHILLIP

Sir, can you recommend a nice hotel
for my girlfriend and I?

DRIVER

There's lots of them around L.A.

PHILLIP

Got any nice ones on the beach?

DRIVER

Plenty.

PHILLIP

Any of them nice and least expensive?

DRIVER

You'll love the Marina Pacific.

PHILLIP

We'll go there.

EXT. MARINA PACIFIC HOTEL AND SUITES - DAY

The DRIVER pulls up in front of the hotel. He helps them
pull the luggage out of the spacious trunk.

DRIVER

Where are you guys from?

STACEY and PHILLIP smile at one another.

PHILLIP

Kansas City.

STACEY

Missouri, that is.

DRIVER

Show-Me State, huh?

PHILLIP

Yeah.

DRIVER

Enjoy your stay in Los Angeles.

PHILLIP

We'll try, sir.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

PHILLIP and STACEY move erotically inside their hotel room bathroom. They look down at a huge jacuzzi whirlpool built into the marble floor.

PHILLIP

This is the type of shit you see on
'*Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*'.

STACEY

Let's order some champagne.

PHILLIP

Dom Perignon or Cristal?

STACEY

Why not?

INT. BATHROOM (30 MINUTES LATER) - NIGHT

PHILLIP and STACEY drop their robes to the floor. They stand before one another in the total nude. Both step into the bubbly jacuzzi and make toasts by tapping their glasses.

PHILLIP

(complimentary)

To a beautiful woman that I've had
the pleasure of being with.

STACEY

To a handsome man that I've also had
the pleasure of being with.

STACEY lathers up a washcloth and glides it across the back and chest of PHILLIP. She runs her tongue and luscious, pinkish lips at the base of his neck and inside his ear canal. The overwhelming sensation causes PHILLIP to tremble.

PHILLIP

(quivers)

Oh Stacey! That feels so good, baby!

STACEY

You like that, baby?

PHILLIP

God yes!

Water splashes over the side of the jacuzzi, while PHILLIP caresses the breasts of STACEY with his long hot tongue.

STACEY

(orgasmic tone)

Yes, Phillip, yes! Go ahead and do
it, baby!

PHILLIP and STACEY make steamy love inside the jacuzzi. He turns over and she sinks her nails into his back, and then he grasps his firm buttocks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - (4 HOURS LATER) - NIGHT

PHILLIP reaches into a pair of his slacks for a folded up piece of paper. He picks up the phone to make a call.

PHILLIP

(into phone)

MoFrog there?

The baritone voice of MOFROG speaks into the phone.

MOFROG

(over phone)

MoFrog speaking.

PHILLIP

(into phone)

This is Phillip Figueroa from Kansas
City, Missouri. Dale told me to look
you up when I got out here to L.A.

MOFROG

(over phone)

You're from Kansas?

PHILLIP

(into phone)

No, I'm from Kansas City, Missouri.
Kansas City, Kansas is right across
the river.

MOFROG

(over phone)

I know Dale Randle real well.

PHILLIP

(into phone)

Dale told me that you could show me
and my girlfriend around L.A.

MOFROG

(over phone)

Brother, I'll be glad to show you
around the 'City of Angels'. Where
are you staying while you're in town?

PHILLIP

(into phone)

The Marina Pacific. It's right here
on Venice Beach.

MOFROG

(over phone)

What do you and your girlfriend want
to do while you're here in L.A.?

PHILLIP

(into phone)

We thought about going to a club.

MOFROG

(over phone)

There's plenty of clubs here in L.A.

PHILLIP

(into phone)

Which clubs do the celebrities go
to?

MOFROG

(over phone)

The Palace and Paradise 24.

PHILLIP

(into phone)

Alright, let's go to one of those
clubs.

PHILLIP and STACEY begin to get dressed.

EXT. MARINA FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A charcoal gray Mercedes-Benz with gold-spoked rims drives up in front of the hotel. A tall and muscularly-built man, with a shiny dark complexion and bald head, MOFROG, steps out of the classy automobile wearing an expensive silk suit and jewelry. MOFROG steps over to PHILLIP and STACEY with his long arm extended out to them.

MOFROG
Are you Phillip?

PHILLIP extends his arm out to MOFROG. He pays close attention to his froggy eyes, which bulge far beyond the sockets.

PHILLIP
Are you MoFrog?

MOGROG
That's me, brother. Who's the pretty lady standing next to you?

PHILLIP gently pulls STACEY under his arms. She wears a black glitter evening dress with matching black stockings.

PHILLIP
This is my girlfriend, Stacey.

MOFROG looks STACEY over, but in a respectful manner.

MOFROG
You're a very pretty lady.

STACEY cuts a shyful smile.

STACEY
Thank you.

MOFROG inspects PHILLIP in his double-breasted black suit with wide pinstripes.

MOFROG
You're awfully sharp, my brother.

PHILLIP
Thanks.

EXT. PARADISE 24 NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MOFROG parks behind a long row of exotic luxury and sports cars just outside the popular nightclub. A long line of stunningly beautiful WOMEN wait to go inside.

MOFROG
Well, here's Paradise 24.

PHILLIP
Looks like a nice club.

MOFROG
This place is all the way live.

PHILLIP and STACEY step out of the luxury Mercedes. They hold hands as they walk to find a place in line.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two narcotics detectives with the LAPD, ERNEST MCDANIEL and JEFFREY PORTERFIELD, sit unnoticed in a dark blue Chevy Caprice Classic across the street.

MCDANIEL
Now we get to do what we do best.

PORTERFIELD
Sit and watch.

INT. VIP SECTION - NIGHT

PHILLIP and MOFROG are in the club's exclusive section having casual conversation. STACEY excuses herself to go to the restroom.

MOFROG
Where'd you meet the cute snowbunny?

PHILLIP
We work together.

MOFROG
With all due respect, she's built like a black woman.

PHILLIP
(dull voice)
Yeah, I've heard that a lot back home.

STACEY returns to the table looking refreshed. PHILLIP grabs her hand and they proceed to the dancefloor. By now, the thumping concert speakers and array of colorful laser lights has the club pumped. They dance until they tire out and return to the VIP section especially reserved by MOFROG.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
(looks around)
Do you notice all these mixed couples in here?

STACEY

You'd have to be blind not to see
it.

PHILLIP

K.C., eat your heart out.

PHILLIP and STACEY glance beyond the VIP section. They notice how a table of three BLACK WOMEN are staring very angrily at them, while displaying rather hostile gestures.

FIRST BLACK WOMAN

(jealous tone)

Wonder how that blonde-haired, blue-eyed, golden-tanned, white devil pulled that fine ass brother?

SECOND BLACK WOMAN

(vulgarly)

Probably from sucking mean dick and balls.

THIRD BLACK WOMAN

(disapproving)

I'm sick and tired of these white bitches stealing the fine black men who are successful.

FIRST BLACK WOMAN

There's a lot of race mixing going on up in this club.

PHILLIP and STACEY begin to feel uncomfortable. They turn to look the opposite direction.

PHILLIP

Whether it be in K.C. or out here in L.A., just goes to prove that these black women in America are all the same. They're mad at the world and don't know why.

EXT. ADJACENT SIDE STREET - NIGHT

DETECTIVES MCDANIEL and PORTERFIELD ease out of the Caprice to write down the license plate numbers to MOFROG'S Mercedes. Since the nightclub is a hot party spot frequented by known drug dealers, it remains under surveillance by the LAPD.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

MOFROG stands between a spacious stall while trying to make a major drug transaction with a CRACK ADDICT.

CRACK ADDICT

I need about a grand of the base.

MOFROG

There ain't no freebies here. You get me the thousand, and I'll get you the base.

CRACK ADDICT

(quivers)

Fuck, MoFrog!

MOFROG

Man, what're you gonna do? Let's hurry up in here, cause you know five-o has got this place under surveillance.

CRACK ADDICT

Where can I meet you tomorrow?

MOFROG

Where else, fool? Meet me down in the hood.

CRACK ADDICT

I'll be there, MoFrog.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY walk down Hollywood Boulevard staring down at the names of many stars.

STACEY

Let's find Prince's star.

PHILLIP

Where do you think Al Pacino or Robert DeNiro's stars are?

STACEY

Good question.

PHILLIP

Wonder how famous you have to be to get one of these stars?

PHILLIP and STACEY continue to stroll down Hollywood Boulevard. They pass hundreds of other TOURISTS.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - DAY

PHILLIP snaps several photos of STACEY as she poses in front of famous wax figures.

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

PHILLIP steps out of the dressing room to stand before one of the mirrors.

PHILLIP

If I wore this suit back home, I'd be the sharpest dresser in K.C.

STACEY

There are some nice clothing stores here in L.A.

PHILLIP

These are some expensive threads.

STACEY

How much is the jacket to that Versace suit?

PHILLIP flips over the price tag.

PHILLIP

Six-hundred dollars, even.

STACEY

And the pants?

PHILLIP

Five-hundred, even.

STACEY reaches into her snakeskin purse.

STACEY

I'll charge it on my platinum Visa Card.

PHILLIP

Are you sure it's no problem? This is eleven-hundred dollars we're talking about.

STACEY

We came out to L.A. to shop and have fun. Remember?

PHILLIP

Sure, I remember.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY arrive at Venice Beach in an Avis rent-a-car. DETECTIVES MCDANIEL and PORTERFIELD trail them by several yards.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - (HOUR LATER) - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY move from one vendor stand or gift shop to the next.

PHILLIP

Randy would've loved coming out to L.A.

STACEY

The weather is so nice out here.

STACEY rattles her shopping bag. She gives PHILLIP a very disapproving stare.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Phillip Figueroa!

PHILLIP

What?

STACEY

I see you staring at those women's asses.

PHILLIP

What man isn't? Here at Venice Beach, there's ass all over the place.

PHILLIP and STACEY stop to watch an impostor FIREMAN perform an act for the many TOURISTS.

FIREMAN

Now, please observe this. This is real fire. If you don't believe it's real, then when you see my black ass burn up, then you'll definitely believe it.

The CROWD sounds off with thunderous laughter. The FIREMAN touches the tip of his tongue with the fire. He lies flat on his back and balances the torch with his tongue. The CROWD cheers and claps aggressively. PHILLIP and STACEY drop a few dollars in his large silver bucket.

PHILLIP

Was that real fire?

STACEY

It had to be.

PHILLIP

Real fire would've burned a hole straight through his tongue.

PHILLIP and STACEY move through the massive Venice Beach crowd, and DETECTIVES MCDANIEL and PORTERFIELD continue to trail them without being noticed.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Let's go over to MoFrog's house.

STACEY

Where does he live?

PHILLIP

I believe in South Central L.A.

STACEY

(warning voice)

Phillip, that area of L.A. is crazy!

PHILLIP

It's not all that bad.

STACEY

The Crips and the Bloods kill people in that area every day.

PHILLIP

Don't let those fucking gangster-hood movies scare you, Stacey. Besides, we're both police officers.

STACEY

But neither one of us have guns for protection.

PHILLIP

True.

STACEY

Phillip, I want to make it back to K.C. alive.

PHILLIP

Trust me, we will.

EXT. COMPTON - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY drive through a drug and crime-infested neighborhood of Compton, California. PHILLIP cruises down the street while he looks at a small piece of paper with an address written on it. Many CRACK DEALERS are on the corners selling bags of crack-cocaine. PHILLIP finds the address of MOFROG and parks the car in front of the house. Groups of CRACK ADDICTS and DEALERS traffick in and out of the notorious residence.

STACEY
Is this the house?

PHILLIP
It's the address MoFrog gave me.

STACEY
(frightened)
Phillip, that's a drug house!

PHILLIP
You're right, Stacey.

STACEY
People are going in there to buy
crack.

PHILLIP
You think MoFrog's a dope dealer?

STACEY nervously grabs the hand of PHILLIP.

STACEY
Does Magic Johnson hit home runs for
the New York Yankees? When MoFrog
picked us up from the hotel, I
wondered about the clothes and jewelry
and that expensive Mercedes.

PHILLIP
Please don't be like White America
and stereotype all black people.

STACEY
Phillip, I'm not stereotyping all
black people. After four years with
the KCPD, I know when someone's
dealing drugs.

PHILLIP
Stacey, can't black people drive
nice cars and live in nice houses
without selling drugs?

STACEY
Of course they can. But, this section
of Los Angeles is legendary for murder
and drug trafficking. It makes the
inner-cities of K.C. look like
Disneyland.

PHILLIP
Let's go inside and say hello to
MoFrog. Let's just thank him for
taking us to the club last night.

STACEY
(hesitantly)
I don't know, Phillip.

PHILLIP
C'mon, Stacey.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

DETECTIVES MCDANIEL and PORTERFIELD are parked in an alley just west of one of MOFROG'S many drug residences. They tightly surveil PHILLIP and STACEY.

MCDANIEL
Guess Ruggiero and Kramer back in Kansas City were right about this nigger called Figueroa.

PORTERFIELD
Just goes to prove a point. You give a nigger the rope, instead of climbing, he hangs himself.

MCDANIEL
We'll see just how right they are.

INT. DRUG RESIDENCE - DAY

MOFROG enters the front room to greet PHILLIP and STACEY.

MOFROG
(happily)
Hey, my man Phillip! What's happening?

PHILLIP
Stacey and I just stopped by to say hello. We wanted to thank you for taking us to the club last night.

MOFROG
You're welcome, my brother. How nice of you to stop in on me.

PHILLIP looks around since something arouses his suspicion.

PHILLIP
Do you live here?

MOFROG
Actually, I live in the valley.

There are many CRACK ADDICTS coming and going through the backdoor with small packets containing crack-cocaine.

PHILLIP
We'll be leaving for Kansas City
tomorrow afternoon.

MOFROG stares hard at STACEY since his attraction for her
has grown even stronger.

MOFROG
How are you doing, beautiful lady?

STACEY
(irritably)
I'm fine.

MOFROG
Enjoying yourself in L.A.?

STACEY
Phillip and I are having a blast.

PHILLIP extends his hand out to MOFROG.

PHILLIP
Again, thanks for taking us to the
club last night.

MOFROG
Anytime, my brother.

PHILLIP and STACEY exit the drug house expeditiously. They
speed off down the street.

INT. MCDANIEL AND PORTERFIELD'S CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE MCDANIEL reaches for his walkie talkie and radios
for backup while they trail PHILLIP and STACEY. DETECTIVE
PORTERFIELD switches on the car siren while they speed down
Willowbrook Avenue.

INT. PHILLIP AND STACEY'S CAR - DAY

PHILLIP slows the rent-a-car down and parks at the curb.

PHILLIP
What's going on?

STACEY
I don't know.

PHILLIP
What'd we do wrong?

STACEY
(shouts)
Not a fucking thing!

PHILLIP

Why are they rushing up on us like that?

STACEY

We'll soon find out.

OFFICERS with the California Highway Patrol and DETECTIVES MCDANIEL and PORTERFIELD, all rush to both sides of the car with rifles cocked and pistols drawn at PHILLIP and STACEY. PHILLIP has his hands folded at the back of his head, while STACEY has her arms crossed in total disgust.

MCDANIEL

(commanding yell)

Keep your hands up where we can see them!

PHILLIP sinks his teeth into his lower lip.

PHILLIP

Is there a problem?

MCDANIEL

Just keep your hands up.

PHILLIP

Why are you pulling us over?

PORTERFIELD

We'll ask the questions here, buddy. Sit there and keep your mouth shut.

PHILLIP

I'm a police officer.

PORTERFIELD

Sure you are. And I'm an archbishop running a kiddie porn shop.

DETECTIVE MCDANIEL cautiously moves closer to the driver's side of the car.

MCDANIEL

What were you doing coming out of that drug house?

PHILLIP

What drug house?

MCDANIEL

Off Willowbrook.

PHILLIP

We didn't know that it was a drug house.

DETECTIVE PORTERFIELD moves closer to the window where STACEY sits.

PORTERFIELD

We're taking you two over to the division for questioning.

PHILLIP

Who are you guys?

MCDANIEL

I'm Detective Ernest McDaniel with the LAPD Narcotics Bureau of Special Investigations.

PORTERFIELD

I'm his partner, Detective Jeffrey Porterfield.

STACEY

(frustratingly)

Why are you really taking us in?

MCDANIEL

Just cooperate for now and you'll find out later.

PHILLIP and STACEY step out of the car. Both DETECTIVES pat them down thoroughly. They reach into their pants pockets and find their KCPD photo identifications.

INT. WILLOWBROOK POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

PHILLIP and DETECTIVE MCDANIEL sit across from one another inside a small interrogation room with dim lights.

MCDANIEL

What is your association with Maurice Jackson?

PHILLIP humps his shoulders.

PHILLIP

Maurice Jackson?

MCDANIEL

You were seen coming out of one of his biggest drug houses.

PHILLIP

You're speaking of MoFrog.

MCDANIEL

Yes, I believe that's the street name that he goes by. Where exactly do you know him from?

PHILLIP

Through a friend of mine's back in Kansas City.

MCDANIEL

What's your friend's name?

PHILLIP

Dale Randle.

MCDANIEL

What's Dale's association with Maurice Jackson?

PHILLIP

They're close friends.

DETECTIVE MCDANIEL heightens his voice with a loud croon.

MCDANIEL

Maurice Jackson is one of the most notorious drug dealers in the Los Angeles area.

PHILLIP

I didn't know that.

MCDANIEL

He's running a fifty-thousand dollar a day guns-and-drugs operation out of his drug houses throughout Los Angeles.

PHILLIP

We weren't aware of that, detective. Sounds like something out of the movie '*Scarface*'.

MCDANIEL

The DEA and the LAPD has a major drug sting operation in place through our Undercover Buy Program.

PHILLIP

(surprised)
Really?

DETECTIVE MCDANIEL moves closer to the face of PHILLIP.

MCDANIEL

Office Figueroa, if there's anything you haven't told me, then I'd suggest you tell me now.

PHILLIP

Detective, I've told you everything I know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - (OPPOSITE FLOOR) - DAY

DETECTIVE PORTERFIELD and STACEY are on the floor above PHILLIP and DETECTIVE MCDANIEL. They sit across from one another in a larger interrogation room with brighter lights.

PORTERFIELD

Officer Goldberg, why were you seen coming out of a drug house owned and operated by Maurice Jackson?

STACEY

Who's Maurice Jackson?

PORTERFIELD

(witty)

You've developed a sudden case of amnesia.

STACEY

The big black guy they call MoFrog?

PORTERFIELD

Why were you inside that drug house?

STACEY

My boyfriend and I dropped by to say thanks before we left L.A.

PORTERFIELD

Your boyfriend? So, you date black guys, huh?

STACEY

What business is that of yours?

PORTERFIELD

Why can't people just stick with their own kind?

STACEY snarls at DETECTIVE PORTERFIELD.

STACEY

Someone once told me that LAPD cops were nothing but a bunch of racist pigs!

PORTERFIELD

(smiles)

Not true. Where do you know Maurice Jackson from?

STACEY

He's acquainted with a friend of my boyfriend's back in Kansas City.

PORTERFIELD

What's his friend's name?

STACEY

I believe his name is Dale Randle.

DETECTIVE PORTERFIELD moves closer into the face of STACEY.

PORTERFIELD

(serious)

Maurice has serious ties with the Crips and Bloods street gangs here in Los Angeles.

STACEY

I'm quite familiar with those gangs.

PORTERFIELD

He's helping the Nicaraguan Contra leaders distribute tons of cocaine around Los Angeles, and the bay area up near Oakland and San Francisco. The same dope is being funneled right to the Crips and Bloods.

STACEY

Why hasn't the LAPD moved in and made any arrests?

PORTERFIELD

We're still working with the DEA in setting up powerful sting operations.

STACEY

How much of the drugs will be taken off the streets?

PORTERFIELD

We have an undercover buy program that obtains records and coordinates information concerning narcotics suspects and drug trafficking.

EXT. CAR - DAY

PHILLIP and STACEY are inside the rent-a-car acting quite disappointed.

PHILLIP

I never would've suspected that MoFrog was pushing dope.

STACEY

Phillip, we've busted enough crack dealers in Kansas City to know that MoFrog is a dealer.

PHILLIP

What kind of questions did they ask you?

STACEY

The detective made a big deal out of you being my boyfriend.

PHILLIP

Why, because I'm black?

STACEY

Exactly.

PHILLIP

(grumbles)
Racist motherfucker!

STACEY

I mentioned how they were nothing but a bunch of racist pigs.

PHILLIP slams his fist against the steering wheel.

PHILLIP

I'm going to break my foot off in Dale's ass when we get back to Kansas City!

STACEY

Why?

PHILLIP

He should've told us that MoFrog was a drug dealer.

STACEY

You think Dale's dealing drugs, too?

PHILLIP

It's a strong possibility.

STACEY

He should've told us before we got out here to L.A.

PHILLIP

We're in deep shit when we get back to K.C.

STACEY

You think so?

PHILLIP

The department's going to be asking us a shitload of questions.

STACEY

You think word will get back to the chief?

PHILLIP

No doubt.

INT. MCDANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

DETECTIVE MCDANIEL has traveled down to his office to make a phone call. He strongly anticipates a response from narcotics detective CARLO RUGGIERO back in Kansas City.

MCDANIEL

(into phone)
Carlo?

RUGGIERO

(over phone)
Ernie, what's up?

MCDANIEL

(into phone)
We're sending Figueroa back to K.C. with shit smeared all over his face.

RUGGIERO

(over phone)
Good work, Ernie.

MCDANIEL

(into phone)
You've got him by the balls, now.

RUGGIERO

(over phone)
Thanks a million.

INT. RANDY RIVERA'S APARTMENT - DAY

RANDY RIVERA sits inside his apartment at University Towers on the east side of downtown Kansas City, Missouri talking on the telephone with PHILLIP.

RANDY
(into phone)
Tell me about California.

PHILLIP
(over phone)
It was cool, I guess.

RANDY
(into phone)
C'mon Phil, you sound depressed.

PHILLIP
(over phone)
The LAPD busted us coming out of a big-time dope house.

RANDY
(into phone)
A dope house!

PHILLIP
(over phone)
Remember my friend Dale Randle?

RANDY
(into phone)
Yeah, I remember Dale.

PHILLIP
(over phone)
He hooked us up with some guy named MoFrog.

RANDY
(into phone)
What a nickname.

PHILLIP
(over phone)
He looks just like a bullfrog. Anyway, he turned out to be one of the biggest drug dealers in L.A.

RANDY
(into phone)
What became of the cops busting you and Stacey coming out of this dope house?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Two narcotics detectives with the LAPD and the California Highway Patrol whipped out guns and rifles on us.

RANDY

(into phone)

Didn't they know that you all were police officers with the KCPD?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

We told them we were. They checked our police identifications and took us in for questioning.

RANDY

(into phone)

Are you being followed?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Good question.

RANDY

(into phone)

Watch your back, Phil.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Absolutely. Look, I've got a meeting with the chief of police at the headquarters. Call me later if you get the chance.

RANDY

(into phone)

Will do.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

PHILLIP steps into a mid-size office on the fifth floor of the police headquarters wearing his neatly pressed blue police uniform. The chief of police, MEYER KIRKPATRICK, a chubby man with brown curly hair, sits behind a large desk.

KIRKPATRICK

Have a seat, Officer Figueroa. I've got an important matter to discuss with you.

PHILLIP

Okay, Chief Kirkpatrick.

KIRKPATRICK takes a light breath and leans forward.

KIRKPATRICK

The department received information from two narcotics detectives with the Los Angeles Police Department concerning the issue about you and Office Greenlease having been seen coming out of a notorious drug house in the Compton area.

PHILLIP

Detectives Porterfield and McDaniel?

KIRKPATRICK

Explain why you were seen coming out of that drug house.

PHILLIP

Officer Greenlease and I had no idea that it was a drug house.

KIRKPATRICK

According to Detectives Porterfield and McDaniel, you were seen around Los Angeles with a drug dealer known only as MoFrog.

PHILLIP

We didn't know that he was a known drug dealer.

KIRKPATRICK

How's that, Officer Figueroa?

PHILLIP

A friend of mine gave us his number before we got out to L.A.

KIRKPATRICK

Why didn't your friend tell you that this guy was dealing drugs?

PHILLIP

I couldn't begin to tell you, Chief Kirkpatrick.

KIRKPATRICK

Maurice Jackson is the prime target of a major drug sting operation.

PHILLIP

Detective McDaniel told me.

KIRKPATRICK

He's helping the Nicaraguan Contra leaders dump tons of cocaine into Southern California.

PHILLIP

Detective McDaniel told me that, too.

KIRKPATRICK

Being a police officer, do you screen the people that you associate with?

PHILLIP

Yes sir, I do.

KIRKPATRICK

Do you screen the places that you frequent?

PHILLIP

I try, sir.

KIRKPATRICK

When you're a servant of the law, you can't keep company with certain people. You can't frequent certain places. Is that understood, Officer Figueroa?

PHILLIP

Yes sir.

KIRKPATRICK

No charges will be filed or disciplinary action taken, because there is a lack of real evidence to prove there was a criminal conspiracy implemented.

PHILLIP

Alright, Chief.

KIRKPATRICK

Keep your nose clean and go out and arrest the bad guys.

PHILLIP

Will do, sir.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - (2 HOURS LATER) - DAY

Police Chief MEYER KIRKPATRICK and STACEY sit across from one another inside his office. They both are in conference.

KIRKPATRICK

Officer Greenlease, explain to me why you were seen coming out of that drug house in the Compton section of Los Angeles.

STACEY clears her throat and swings forward.

STACEY

Chief, we weren't aware that this guy was the biggest drug dealer in L.A.

KIRKPATRICK

What was your reason for being out in Los Angeles?

STACEY

We were vacationing out there.

KIRKPATRICK

I could've easily taken disciplinary action against you and Officer Figueroa.

STACEY

Yes, I'm aware of that.

KIRKPATRICK

Go out and arrest the bad guys.

STACEY

(smiles)

You've got it, Chief.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - (4 HOURS LATER) - EVENING

CHIEF KIRKPATRICK has summoned drug task force detective CARLO RUGGIERO, along with some lower-ranking POLICE OFFICERS to his office.

KIRKPATRICK

I believe Figueroa's mixed up in drugs.

RUGGIERO

Has this got anything to do with what happened out in Los Angeles?

KIRKPATRICK

Precisely, Carlo.

RUGGIERO

Something's gotta be done about that scumbag.

KIRKPATRICK

Figueroa claims that he didn't know this MoFrog character was a bigtime dope dealer. He also claims that he didn't know that that house in Compton was a dope house.

RUGGIERO

It's good that we had Ernie and Jeff tailing him when he got out to L.A.

KIRKPATRICK

Our West Coast connection.

RUGGIERO

Chief, Figueroa's gonna end up disgracing the department.

KIRKPATRICK

Greenlease has got a bright future with the police department. I refuse to let Figueroa ruin it for her.

RUGGIERO

(racist overtone)

What does she see in that worthless nigger anyway?

KIRKPATRICK

I want your men to keep a close eye on Figueroa. I want logs kept of his every move. I want documentation of his going and coming to work and what he does while on duty.

RUGGIERO

You've got it, Chief. What about Officer Greenlease?

KIRKPATRICK

Greenlease is the least of our worries.

EXT. PROSPECT AVENUE AND MEYER BOULEVARD - DAY

PHILLIP and his partner, OFFICER CRAIG FINCH, ride in a blue police squad car. They patrol a very crime-infested neighborhood of Kansas City, Missouri. A DISPATCHER radios them on an important 911 call.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

Attention unit fourteen.

PHILLIP lifts the radio receiver off the base.

PHILLIP
 (into radio)
 This is fourteen, go ahead.

DISPATCHER
 (over radio)
 We have a four-fifteen at Sixty-Ninth
 and Prospect.

PHILLIP
 (into radio)
 Ten-four.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

PHILLIP and CRAIG stand in the front room of a trashy and smelly residence within the Sixty-Nine Hundred block Prospect. They hold their billyclubs tightly while they speak with a hysterical WOMAN who's been battered.

PHILLIP
 What's the problem, ma'am?

The WOMAN cries out of control.

WOMAN
 My husband's been beating on me.

PHILLIP
 We'll handle it, ma'am.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

PHILLIP and CRAIG step into another room to check things out. A MAN who is highly intoxicated stands between the two officers.

PHILLIP
 What's the problem?

MAN
 (slurred speech)
 Ain't no problem, officer.

PHILLIP
 Why did your wife call us to this
 house?

MAN
 Everything's okay here, officer.

The drunk MAN reaches to touch PHILLIP on the shoulder.

PHILLIP
(resisting)
Sir, don't touch me.

The MAN still tries to make contact with PHILLIP.

MAN
But officer.....

PHILLIP
(warning)
Touch me again, you're going to jail.

MAN
Everything's fine here, officer.

PHILLIP
Why is your wife's face bruised up
like that?

MAN
She fell down the stairs.

PHILLIP
You're lying!

MAN
I ain't touched my wife.

PHILLIP looks to observe the assaulted WOMAN.

PHILLIP
Ma'am, did he physically assault
you?

WOMAN
(cries)
Yes, he did!

PHILLIP
Do you want to press charges?

WOMAN
Yes, I do.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

PHILLIP and CRAIG place the MAN in handcuffs and then into
the back of their squad car.

INT. SOUTHERN PATROL DIVISION - DAY

PHILLIP and CRAIG escort the MAN over to one of the BOOKING
OFFICERS at the division.

EXT. GREGORY BOULEVARD AND PROSPECT AVENUE - DAY

STACEY and her partner, OFFICER REX IRWIN, patrol a bad neighborhood of Kansas City. They hear a crackling noise come over their radio. STACEY responds to a 911 call from a DISPATCHER.

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
Attention unit nine.

STACEY
(into radio)
Unit nine, go ahead.

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
We have a six-forty-seven near the vicinity of Swope Parkway and Gregory.

STACEY
(into radio)
Is there a description of the suspect?

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
Negative.

STACEY
(into radio)
Ten-four.

EXT. SWOPE PARKWAY AND GREGORY BOULEVARD - DAY

STACEY and REX approach with caution what appears to be a drunk VAGRANT.

STACEY
Sir, we received a call about someone looking suspicious.

She firmly grasps the handle of her gun.

VAGRANT
I wasn't doing nothing wrong, officer.

STACEY
Residents near the park called about a suspicious person.

VAGRANT
(slurred speech)
Spissish?

STACEY

Yes, we received a suspicious call.

VAGRANT

Can't a black man walk round freely
without looking spissish?

STACEY

You can't walk around acting like
you're about to commit a crime.

VAGRANT

Alright, I'll leave from around here.

EXT. 75TH STREET AND TROOST AVENUE - DAY

PHILLIP writes a speeding ticket for a MOTORIST near a busy
Kansas City intersection. Detectives RUGGIERO and KRAMER are
in an unmarked car about a half-block west, keeping him under
close surveillance like they were told to do.

INT. TOWNHOME - NIGHT

PHILLIP and a well-known Kansas City drug dealer, DALE RANDLE,
who is a tall, bald, and well-built African American male,
sits on a sofa inside his front room having an intense
discussion.

PHILLIP

(disappointing)

Why didn't you tell me MoFrog was a
drug dealer?

DALE

Nobody out in L.A. really knows what
he does.

PHILLIP

Nobody but the fucking LAPD and the
DEA!

DALE

MoFrog operates lowkey, Phil.

PHILLIP

Stacey and I got pulled over with
guns and rifles shoved in our faces!

DALE

For what?

PHILLIP

For coming out of one of MoFrog's
dope houses over in Compton.

DALE

I'm sorry.

PHILLIP

The Chief of Police was blowing hot air all up my ass when I got back to Kansas City. Did you know that MoFrog is running a fifty-thousand dollar a day guns-and-drugs operation?

DALE

No, I didn't know that.

PHILLIP

The LAPD detectives who took us in for questioning told us that he's working with the Nicaraguans in helping to bring tons of cocaine into Southern California.

DALE gives PHILLIP a dead-serious stare.

DALE

Phil, do you think you were followed out to L.A.?

PHILLIP

That's a very good question.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

While Dale climbs inside his shiny black Mercedes-Benz, DETECTIVE KRAMER snaps a couple of photos of his car and the license plate numbers. DETECTIVE RUGGIERO snaps a couple of photos of DALE behind the wheel of his expensive automobile.

INT. TOWNHOME - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

RANDY glances at a front page headline inside the metro section of "The Kansas City Times" newspaper while visiting with PHILLIP. The headline reads: "KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI POLICE OFFICERS WERE SEEN BY LAPD NARCOTICS DETECTIVES AND THE CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL LEAVING A KNOWN DRUG HOUSE".

RANDY sits the newspaper aside.

RANDY

How did the newspaper here in K.C. find out about you and Stacey?

PHILLIP

The same way they find out about everything else.

RANDY

Does Stacey know about it?

PHILLIP

She's the one who called me and told me about it.

RANDY

The whole fucking world's gonna know when they're finished.

PHILLIP

(frustrating)
Shit yeah!

RANDY

What did the K.C. police department have to say about it?

PHILLIP

The Chief of Police got deep off into my ass.

RANDY

What about Stacey?

PHILLIP

I think they went easy on her.

RANDY

Were you followed out to L.A.?

PHILLIP

I'm starting to believe that we were.

RANDY

Are they suspecting you of dealing drugs?

PHILLIP

For the sake of my career, I sure hope not.

RANDY

I hope not, too.

A hard knock suddenly sounds off at the front door. PHILLIP opens the door and it is the mother of his eldest son, RENEE BUTLER, a very attractive and curvaceously-built African-American woman. RENEE storms into his townhome and throws a copy of "The Kansas City Times" at him.

RENEE

(furious)

I read this shit in the newspaper
about you and that white girl!

PHILLIP

(sarcastic)

So.

RENEE

Everybody in Kansas City's talking
about it. People want to know what
you were doing out in L.A. with that
white bitch police officer.

PHILLIP

People need to mind their own goddam
business!

RENEE

I personally want to know why you
went out to L.A. with that white
devil!

PHILLIP

Look, Renee, that's my fucking
business! Okay?

RENEE

You have time to go out to L.A. with
some slutty-whorish white bitch, but
you can't spend time with your son.

PHILLIP

Drop it, Renee. Okay?

RENEE

I'm not dropping anything.

PHILLIP

Look, I thought you came over here
to go out with Randy and me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

PHILLIP, RANDY, and RENEE are getting inside his Mazda 626.
Approximately two blocks south, DETECTIVES RUGGIERO and KRAMER
use powerful binoculars to take down the license plate numbers
to RANDY'S car.

INT. QUINCY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

PHILLIP, RANDY, and RENEE take a stroll around the popular
nightclub 'Quincy's'. The bright strobe lights and thunderous
music has the club pumped.

PHILLIP suddenly spots a high school classmate, JANICE, a tall and slender white girl with long blonde curly hair.

JANICE
(surprised)
Phillip!

PHILLIP
Janice!

The magnetism causes them to give one another a tight hug.

JANICE
Good to see you.

PHILLIP
What's been going on?

JANICE
Hard work and hard times.

PHILLIP
You married yet?

JANICE
Not yet. And yourself?

PHILLIP
No.

JANICE
Any children?

PHILLIP
A son. Phillip, Jr.

JANICE
Do you ever see anybody from
Northeast?

PHILLIP
A few people here and there.

JANICE
Take care of yourself, Phillip.

PHILLIP
You do the same, Janice.

At this point, RENEE has become furious. It shows in her hateful facial expression.

RENEE
(yells)
I'm ready to go!

PHILLIP
We just got here.

RENEE
I don't care!

PHILLIP
What's wrong with you, Renee?

RENEE
Take me home, Phillip.

PHILLIP
Fine.

INT. RANDY'S CAR - NIGHT

RANDY drives up Interstate Seventy West, while RENEE sits in the front seat still in a hostile mood. PHILLIP sits in the back seat in a semi-tranquil mood.

PHILLIP
What's your problem?

RENEE
You hugging on that fucking white bitch!

PHILLIP
Janice and I went to school together.

RENEE
Don't think for once second that I don't know about you and that white bitch Stacey messing around.

PHILLIP
So?

RENEE
You and that white devil-bitch can go straight to hell!

PHILLIP leans forward and gets into RENEE'S face.

PHILLIP
What's with all this bitterness that you black women have against white women?

RENEE
I think you and all these other black men can answer that question.

PHILLIP

You need to get a grip, Renee.

RENEE

I've got a grip, a handle, and a hold.

PHILLIP

Your attitude towards white women stinks.

RENEE

When will you black men learn that in the end, white women don't mean you all no good.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

RENEE jumps out of the Mazda and rushes over to her car. She speeds out of the parking lot. RUGGIERO and KRAMER are still across the street with their binoculars, taking down the make of her car and the license plate numbers.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

RANDY looks at the front cover of three individual copies of "The Kansas City Times" newspapers.

RANDY

(low voice)

Dammit! Reading these stories has got me scared to walk out the door. Is it that much crazy shit going on in Kansas City?

The newspapers sit next to one another on his glass table. RANDY turns his eyes to all three disturbing headline captions as they simultaneously read:

"KANSAS CITY BECOMES HAVEN FOR CRIME"

"HORRORS OF HOMICIDES IN K.C. TOP FBI LIST"

"MURDER RATE IN K.C. JUMPS TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH"

INT. SOUTHERN PATROL DIVISION - DAY

DETECTIVE RUGGIERO approaches STACEY as she stands at the report desk talking with a CLERK.

RUGGIERO

Good afternoon, Officer Greenlease.

STACEY

How are you doing, Detective Ruggiero?

RUGGIERO

Fine. Listen, can I speak with you privately?

STACEY

Sure.

RUGGIERO and STACEY step into a briefing room in the back of the police division.

RUGGIERO

(straightforwardly)

Are you dating Officer Figueroa?

STACEY

What business is that of yours?

RUGGIERO

Figueroa's trouble.

STACEY

Trouble? How?

RUGGIERO

He's mixed up in drugs.

STACEY

(offensively)

That's a lie, Detective Ruggiero. Where in heaven's name did you get this information?

RUGGIERO

Listen to me, Officer Greenlease.

STACEY

Why should I listen to you?

RUGGIERO

He's the reason that you got into that bullshit out in Los Angeles. When he goes down, you're going down with him.

STACEY

Who says Phillip's going down?

RUGGIERO

You deserve better than someone like Figueroa, Officer Greenlease. He's nothing but trash and you know it.

STACEY

Let me worry about that, Detective Ruggiero.

STACEY rushes out of the briefing room and right out the police division.

EXT. 55TH STREET AND PROSPECT AVENUE - DAY

A shiny black BMW with smoked windows and large moonroof, speeds near the Fifty-Five Hundred block of Prospect Avenue. The car is doing about eighty miles an hour and peels excessive rubber. A young African-American woman, TERESA, and her year old daughter, DELILAH, watch the BMW zoom up the crime-riddled busy avenue.

Three BLACK MALES wearing black stocking caps and dark sunglasses descend from the roof holding a Kalashnikov AK47 7.62mm and an Uzi Sub-machine gun. Simultaneously, they fire volleys of rounds up at the residence where TERESA holds DELILAH in her arms. Within seconds, the bullet-ridden bodies of TERESA and DELILAH slump to the ground. Streams of blood trickle down the porch stairs. A NEIGHBOR from next door runs out of her house yelling uncontrollably.

NEIGHBOR

(hysterically)

Oh my God! Somebody call an ambulance!
Somebody get the police out here!

A WOMAN a few houses down runs frantically up the street.

WOMAN

(screams)

Some goddam fools done shot up this
girl and her baby!

EXT. TROOST AVENUE AND GREGORY BOULEVARD - DAY

PHILLIP and his partner CRAIG FINCH wait for a red light to change at the busy intersection. A DISPATCHER suddenly comes over the crackling radio.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

Dispatcher eight to unit fourteen.

PHILLIP

(into radio)

This is fourteen, dispatcher eight,
go ahead.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

We have a one-eighty-seven near the
vicinity of Fifty-Fifth and Prospect.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
We're en route to the scene.

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
Code three, unit fourteen, code three.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
Ten-four.

PHILLIP quickly switches on the siren and lights to their police squad car, as they rush towards the double murder scene.

EXT. 55TH STREET AND PROSPECT AVENUE - (AGAIN) - DAY

PHILLIP and CRAIG arrive at the bloody murder scene. Crime scene tape covers the perimeter around the house. A host of police squad cars, fire trucks, and ambulances arrive. The mother and grandmother of the two murder victims, LORRAINE BIRD, cries frantically and slumps to the ground, while she observes the massacred bodies of her daughter and granddaughter.

LORRAINE
Why did they have to kill both of my babies!

PHILLIP steps over and tries to console LORRAINE.

PHILLIP
Try and calm down, ma'am.

LORRAINE
But they killed my babies!

PHILLIP
We're going to take care of it.

Many NEIGHBORS stand amongst one another crying and shaking their heads in total shock. PATROL OFFICERS and PATROL SERGEANTS try to keep the loud and restless CROWD under control. News vans from every local news station in Kansas City arrive at the double murder scene with their REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS. Veteran KCPD homicide detective, JERRY OVERSTREET, speaks with PHILLIP for some possible answers.

OVERSTREET
What've we got here, Officer Figueroa?

PHILLIP

The next door neighbor said she heard a car speeding up Prospect. She said she heard gunshots before she came outside.

OVERSTREET

Drive-by shooting?

PHILLIP

Yes, lieutenant.

OVERSTREET

Look Officer Figueroa, I don't want anybody touching anything until the coroners and crime lab people finish their work.

PHILLIP

You've got it, lieutenant.

OVERSTREET

Where's the neighbor who heard the gunshots?

PHILLIP points to the crying and distraught NEIGHBOR.

PHILLIP

She's right over there, Lieutenant Overstreet.

OVERSTREET begins to question the shook up NEIGHBOR.

OVERSTREET

Ma'am, give me a thorough description of what happened.

The NEIGHBOR slightly trembles.

NEIGHBOR

I heard a car out here peeling rubber, and then heard a lot of gunshots.

OVERSTREET

What'd you do after that?

NEIGHBOR

I ran outside to see what had happened.

OVERSTREET

What'd you do after running outside?

NEIGHBOR

Looked next door and saw the girl
and her baby lying in blood.

OVERSTREET

Were there any gunmen around?

NEIGHBOR

No, but there was a car speeding up
the street.

OVERSTREET

What make and model of car was it?

NEIGHBOR

I have poor eyesight, Mr. Overstreet.
I couldn't see that far.

OVERSTREET

Did you get a description of anyone
inside the car?

NEIGHBOR

Mr. Overstreet, they were too far
away.

OVERSTREET

We're going to need you to come down
to headquarters and give a statement.

NEIGHBOR

Certainly.

OVERSTREET

Thanks for you cooperation.

NEIGHBOR

It all just happened so fast. Seems
like they didn't even have time to
scream.

Other NEIGHBORS along Prospect are being questioned by more
HOMICIDE DETECTIVES. An attractive and graceful reporter
with KCTZ News Channel 7, STEPHANIE HARRISON, guides her
camera crew over towards PHILLIP for an interview.

STEPHANIE

Officer Figueroa, could you explain
to us what happened here at the Fifty-
Five Hundred block of Prospect?

PHILLIP

Quite unfortunately, a drive-by
shooting claimed two innocent lives.

STEPHANIE

Does the police have any leads or suspects?

PHILLIP

Not at the present time?

STEPHANIE

Is it fair to say that this double homicide is drug-related?

PHILLIP

We're not for sure at this time.

STEPHANIE

Could it be part of the on-going drug turf wars here in Kansas City?

PHILLIP

Possibly.

STEPHANIE

Are there any witnesses who might help police solve this murder case?

PHILLIP

Neighbors along Prospect are being questioned, and hopefully they'll help us solve these two senseless homicides.

STEPHANIE

Officer Figueroa, thank you for that information.

PHILLIP

You're welcome.

STEPHANIE looks into one of the cameras before they are shut off.

STEPHANIE

This is Stephanie Harrison reporting live from Fifty-Fifth and Prospect. Back to you guys downtown.

Another homicide DETECTIVE discovers a spray-painted slogan at the intersection of Fifty-Fifth and Prospect. He quickly summons for OVERSTREET to come up to the busy corner.

DETECTIVE

Hey Jerry, check this out.

OVERSTREET looks down at the concrete and shakes his head.

OVERSTREET

Who in the hell is 'Double A'?

DETECTIVE

Good question.

OVERSTREET

Must be the message for a death wish.

Spray painted in large black letters on the concrete is the cryptic slogan: *"Double A, Rest In Peace, Sucker!"*

DETECTIVE

Someone's sending out a message.

OVERSTREET

Guess some street punks are letting this Double A character know that he's a marked man.

DETECTIVE

At least they gave him a warning.

OVERSTREET

I'll be willing to bet my life that whoever spray painted this slogan had something to do with this double homicide.

DETECTIVE

Must agree with you, Jerry.

OVERSTREET

Question some of these people along Prospect, and find out if they know anyone who goes by that street name.

DETECTIVE

You've got it, boss.

CRIME LAB WORKERS begin to snap photos of the vicious death slogan. Empty shells are dropped into plastic sacks. The two slain VICTIMS are in bodybags and being placed into the coroner's van. STACEY and PHILLIP stand near the crime scene tape engaged in a private conversation.

STACEY

Come by my place after you stop by Dale's.

PHILLIP

Is everything okay?

STACEY

I'll tell you when I see you later.

PHILLIP

Okay.

EXT. BRIARCLIFF APARTMENTS - NIGHT

PHILLIP knocks at the door to the exclusive apartment complex where DALE RANDLE resides. RUGGIERO and KRAMER are across the street snapping photos of PHILLIP standing outside the door. Both DETECTIVES move their cameras over to snap other photos of his red Corvette and Dale's Mercedes-Benz.

INT. FROM ROOM - NIGHT

PHILLIP displays a hostile mood while he speaks with DALE about the gruesome murders that occurred earlier that day.

PHILLIP

You heard about the woman and her one year old daughter who got killed on Fifty-Fifth and Prospect today?

DALE

Saw it on Channel Seven News.

PHILLIP

Know anything about it?

DALE

Nothing at all.

PHILLIP

Well, word got back to me that you've got your boys running dope out of those houses around that vicinity of Prospect.

DALE

What about it?

PHILLIP releases an angry hiss at DALE.

PHILLIP

Man, two innocent people got killed today!

DALE

(unsympathetically)

So.

PHILLIP

You had some of your dope boys to shoot up that house. Didn't you, Dale?

DALE

That's a buncha motherfucking
bullshit!

PHILLIP

One of those dudes who's dealing for
you owes you a lot of money. Am I
right, Dale?

DALE

I don't know nothing about that chick
and her baby getting killed.

PHILLIP releases a ferocious yell.

PHILLIP

You're a lying-motherfucking-sack of-
goddam-lowlife-donkey shit!

DALE

I'm not bullshitting with you, Phil.

PHILLIP

I'm a police officer now, Dale. I
can't do the same shit that we used
to do when we were growing up in the
projects. Why can't you get that
through your iron cast skull?

DALE

I'm being straight with you, man.

PHILLIP

If you're lying, I'll find out. If
it turns out that you had something
to do with those two murders, you're
gonna wish you were never born.

EXT. WHISPERING OAKS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

PHILLIP drives out to Shawnee Mission, Kansas to visit with
STACEY. While he stands at her front door knocking, RUGGIERO
and KRAMER snap even more photos of him.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The same four BLACK MALES responsible for the shooting death
of the young black female, TERESA, and her year old infant
daughter, DELILAH, near the vicinity of Fifty-Fifth Street
and Prospect Avenue, sit inside the black BMW at the corner
of Twenty-Seventh Street and Benton Boulevard wearing black
stocking caps and dark sunglasses. The DRIVER gives
instructions to the other three in the front and back.

DRIVER

This punk ass nigga inside that crib
don't wanna pay Dale his money for
all that dope that he got on credit.
I want ya'll three to show that
motherfucker that Dale means business.

The FIRST BLACK MALE sitting in the front on the passenger's side reaches under the seat for a molotov cocktail firebomb in a forty ounce beer bottle.

FIRST BLACK MALE

Sho ya right. Everybody in that
motherfucking house is dying tonight.

The SECOND BLACK MALE and the THIRD BLACK MALE in the backseat also reach under their seats for molotov cocktail firebombs.

SECOND BLACK MALE

Let's show'em that Dale ain't
bullshitting no mo.

THIRD BLACK MALE

Like we did with Double A's girlfriend
and baby daughter.

The three BLACK MALES quietly emerge from the BMW.

EXT. CORNER OF 27TH. STREET AND BENTON BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The BLACK MALES creep to the front and sides of a three-story house on the corner. All three send the molotov cocktails crashing through the windows of the residence.

INT. THIRD FLOOR OF RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The raging fire has spread into the bedroom of a young MOTHER and her three CHILDREN. The MOTHER tries to send a warning from inside her room.

MOTHER

They just threw bombs into the house!
Everybody, let's get out'a here!

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Blazing fires have reached the bedrooms of an ELDERLY WOMAN and her slightly younger SON and DAUGHTER. By now, the fire has shot up the stairwells and the entire house is in total flames. All six RESIDENTS die immediately from smoke inhalation and severe burns.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVENUE AND PASEO BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A BLACK MALE and his eight months pregnant WHITE GIRLFRIEND have just pulled up to a 7-Eleven convenience store at the very north end of Kansas City. As they open the doors to emerge from the vehicle, the three BLACK MALES in the black stocking caps and dark sunglasses rush up to their car and began spraying them with a high-powered rifle and pistols.

The BLACK MALE and his WHITE GIRLFRIEND slump out of the driver's side and the passenger's side with blood flowing from their bodies. All three, which includes their unborn child, are instantly dead from rifle and gunshot wounds. The three BLACK MALES rush toward the awaiting BMW.

FIRST BLACK MALE

That'll teach that suckka that he
can't gank Dale out of his dope and
money.

They jump inside the BMW and the DRIVER speeds off.

INT. HARRY S. TRUMAN MEDICAL CENTER - EVENING

The mother and brother of VICTOR "SOUPBONE" EDWARDS, LULA MAE EDWARDS and TERRANCE EDWARDS, stand over the dead body of the

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STACEY sits seductively across the lap of PHILLIP wearing some sexy evening wear.

PHILLIP

What did you have to tell me earlier?

STACEY

Detective Ruggiero made some
subversive comments about you.

PHILLIP

Comments like what?

STACEY

He said you were nothing but trouble
and you're into drugs.

PHILLIP

(surprised)
Are you serious, Stacey?

STACEY

Yes, Phillip, I am.

PHILLIP

What would make him say that I'm into drugs?

STACEY

For starters, the trip that we took out to L.A.

PHILLIP

People just won't give it a rest.

STACEY

He blames you for the reason that we got into trouble while we were out in L.A.

PHILLIP

What else did he say?

STACEY

He said that when you go down, I'm going down with you.

PHILLIP takes a deep swallow.

PHILLIP

I believe that the department's going to try and set me up. How they're going to do it, and where they're going to do it, remains to be seen.

STACEY

Are you starting to have premonitions about all of this?

PHILLIP

The sneaky bastards have got something up their sleeves. Stacey, I believe that we were followed out to L.A.

STACEY

What makes you say that?

PHILLIP

There must've been thousands of people who came and went out of that dope house in Compton that MoFrog runs. Why did the LAPD and California Highway Patrol decide to pull us over?

STACEY

I think we both better keep our guards up.

PHILLIP

Every since that bullshit happened out in L.A., things have gotten bent out of shape here in Kansas City. Going out there is one trip we'll both live to regret.

STACEY

Too bad what happened in L.A. didn't stay in L.A.

PHILLIP

Got that right.

STACEY leans forward to kiss PHILLIP.

STACEY

Let's forget about those losers and make mad love to one another.

PHILLIP

Sounds like a sexy plan to me.

PHILLIP and STACEY undress into the total nude. They begin to make passionate love on the huge sofa.

INT. GREENLEASE MANSION - DAY

Inside an exclusive Mission Hills mansion, STACEY and her father, DON GREENLEASE, a sixty-four year old very wealthy Jewish entrepreneur, sit together inside the exquisitely decorated guest room. DON holds up a statement for previous credit card purchases that she made.

DON

Can you explain this, young lady?

STACEY

Explain what, dad?

DON

Nearly maxing out this platinum Visa card.

STACEY

You didn't give me any limits as to how much I could spend.

DON

You spent nearly all of it on that black police officer.

STACEY

Who, Phillip?

DON

The one you vacationed with out in
Los Angeles.

STACEY

News has traveled all over town.

DON

What all did you buy him? Is this
guy your prince charming or something?

STACEY

Dad, why are you worried about who I
spend my credit card on?

DON holds the statement up closer to his face for clearer
viewing purposes.

DON

Let's see here, you charged a double
occupancy room, along with room
service at The Marina Pacific Hotel
in Los Angeles. You charged a two-
piece men's Versace suit which costed
over eleven-hundred dollars. You
charged a watch and bracelet at the
Gucci shop, shirts and slacks from
the Polo shop, and men's shoes from
Bally's. You and your black prince
charming had yourselves a really
good time, and all at my expense.

STACEY

Dad, would it make you feel better
if I would've maxed out my platinum
Visa card on some wealthy aristocrat
with PhDs from Harvard and Yale?

DON

Maybe.

STACEY

How did you find out about Phillip
and I going out to L.A.?

DON

I have my ways. They've even told me
that he drives your car.

STACEY

Who's they, dad? A detective named
Carlo Ruggiero? Better yet, a jerkoff
named Carlo Ruggiero who wants to
date me but I refuse to date him.

DON

If you plan on keeping this platinum Visa card, then I'd suggest you spend it wisely, young lady.

STACEY

You're trying to tell me that you don't want me dating Phillip? Why don't you just spit it on out, dad?

DON

(hesitates)

Well.....

STACEY

Because he's black? Right?

DON

Well.....I'd.....

STACEY

I didn't think you did.

DON

You don't need to be frequenting places in the inner-city around those type of people. Especially since there are ruthless people who recognize cops out of uniform.

STACEY

Remember dad, I'm a police officer. It's my job to be in the inner-city around those type of people.

DON releases a strong wind of grief.

DON

Haven't you heard about all the bodies of those black women they've been finding in Gillham Park? The ones who've been raped and strangled? What about the white women they've been finding floating in the Missouri River with their arms and legs amputated?

STACEY

Unfortunately dad, those same women were linked to drugs and prostitution.

DON

Honey, please be careful out there. I don't want to be watching the news

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
or reading in the newspaper about
something drastic happening to my
only daughter.

STACEY
I'm always careful, dad.

INT. GREENLEASE MANSION - (2 HOURS LATER) - DAY

Long after STACEY has left her father's mansion, DON picks up the phone to call RUGGIERO on his mobile phone inside his detective's car.

DON
(into phone)
Hey Carlo, thanks for all the
information.

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Anything for you, Don.

DON
(into phone)
I'll be getting the money to you
real soon.

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Anytime's fine.

DON
(into phone)
Hope I talked some sense into my
daughter. Her future's in jeopardy,
and she doesn't care if it goes down
the drain.

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Don't worry, Don. Figueroa won't be
around for too much longer. We'll
have that prick by the balls.

DON
(into phone)
The sooner you get rid of him, the
better it'll be for all of us. I
can't afford to allow Stacey to bring
shame into the Greenlease family.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Police Chief MEYER KIRKPATRICK leans back in a chair inside his office on the fifth floor. RUGGIERO flips open a manila folder and hands KIRKPATRICK some vital papers and color photos.

KIRKPATRICK
Whatcha got for me, Carlo?

RUGGIERO
Information about Figueroa keeping
company with a notorious dope dealer.

KIRKPATRICK holds one photo in each hand.

KIRKPATRICK
How well-known is this dealer?

RUGGIERO
Got several dope houses operating
around the Prospect area.

KIRKPATRICK
Possibly in the vicinity where that
double homicide took place?

RUGGIERO
It's possible, chief.

KIRKPATRICK
Who's this fella who owns the black
Mercedes?

RUGGIERO hands over several photos of DALE RANDLE.

RUGGIERO
Dale Randle is his name.

KIRKPATRICK
Any prior convictions?

RUGGIERO
Indicted and convicted for narcotics
trafficking back in eighty-four.

KIRKPATRICK
How much time did he serve?

RUGGIERO
Five years on a six year sentence.

KIRKPATRICK
Where did he serve his time?

RUGGIERO

Leavenworth.

KIRKPATRICK

Didn't you mention that this Dale Randle operates a lot of dope houses around Kansas City?

RUGGIERO

Yes, but particularly around Prospect. He probably stays away from the houses that his lowlevel dealers are operating for him.

KIRKPATRICK

I'm going to have Figueroa moved to the Northern Patrol Division down at the north end of town.

RUGGIERO

How about placing him at a post or at a beat?

KIRKPATRICK

That's a thought.

RUGGIERO snaps his finger.

RUGGIERO

Hey chief, how's that investigation of that double homicide going that happened on Fifty-Fifth and Prospect?

KIRKPATRICK

Overstreet and other homicide detectives are working real hard on it. They hope to bring it under raps pretty soon.

RUGGIERO

Any leads so far?

KIRKPATRICK

Overstreet and his guys are still trying to figure out who this 'Double A' character is.

RUGGIERO

Double A?

KIRKPATRICK opens one of the drawers to his desk. He hands RUGGIERO a crime lab photo of the death warranted slogan spray painted on the concrete at the double homicide scene.

RUGGIERO (CONT'D)

(repeats)

Double A, Rest In Peace, Sucker?

KIRKPATRICK

We find out who this Double A character is, we can bring this case under raps.

RUGGIERO

Sounds like Double A is marked for death.

KIRKPATRICK

Listen, I want Figueroa put under tighter surveillance. I want the patrol supervisor, the watch commander, the desk sergeant, and everybody else to keep a closer eye on him, even when he's not out patrolling the streets.

RUGGIERO

You've got it, chief.

INT. PHILLIP'S TOWNHOME - DAY

RANDY sits in the front room of PHILLIP'S residence reading the front page of a recent copy of the "The Los Angeles Times". A large color photo of notorious Los Angeles drug dealer MOFROG is spread across the front page.

RANDY

Is this the guy they call MoFrog?

PHILLIP

Yeah, that's him.

RANDY

The same guy who took you and Stacey to that club in Hollywood?

PHILLIP

Yeah.

RANDY

Boy, he looks just like a bullfrog.

PHILLIP

That's where he got his nickname from.

RANDY

The L.A. Times is talking about the exact shit that goes on here in Kansas City and everywhere else in America.

PHILLIP

What things?

RANDY

(sadly)

Homeless people, crack, AIDS, crack-addicted babies, abusive homes, fucked-up lives, insane bastards, and even corrupt police officers.

PHILLIP

Crack was put out there to kill off black people.

RANDY

Genocide?

PHILLIP

Nothing but the system keeping black people down. Unfortunately for us, nobody's killed more black people than black people themselves.

RANDY

Crack is bigger than the people pushing it out on the streets.

A series of thunderous knocks suddenly sound off at the front door. PHILLIP opens the door and RENEE storms through in a very hostile manner.

RENEE

Why are you still screwing around with that white bitch on the police force?

PHILLIP

Stacey's not a bitch.

RENEE

She's a blonde-haired, blue-eyed white devil-whore!

PHILLIP points a shaky finger in the face of RENEE.

PHILLIP

You know, that's the very reason why I'm with Stacey now. You black women shoot off so much negative attitude.

RENEE

Really? I know plenty of white bitches with fucked up attitudes!

PHILLIP

Not nearly as much as you goddam black women!

RENEE

I personally know a lot of white chicks who can roll their eyes better than any black woman. If you don't believe me, then ask some of these white men who are dating or married to them.

PHILLIP

If you came here to argue, then why don't you just leave.

RENEE

Why don't you get some money from that rich white bitch?

PHILLIP

I don't need Stacey's money. Okay? I get up and go to work everyday to earn my living.

RENEE

All these other black men are using white girls for their money. Why don't you get on the bandwagon and cash in?

PHILLIP

Why don't shut your fucking mouth!

RENEE

You'll shut me up when you start spending time with your son and paying child support. You black men are the reason why we black women are so bitter.

INT. HURRICANE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

PHILLIP and STACEY are inside a packed nightclub in the popular Westport District of Kansas City. They stand far off near the restrooms having a very private conversation.

PHILLIP

What's wrong, Stacey?

While she sips on a cranberry juice, STACEY has her head lowered in complete sadness.

STACEY
I'll tell you later.

PHILLIP
You can tell me now.

STACEY
I don't want to talk about it now.

PHILLIP
Why are you acting so strange tonight?

STACEY
I'll explain it to you later.

INT. WHISPERING OAKS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

PHILLIP gently holds STACEY in his arms while they sit on the plush sofa. He comforts her while she cries on his shoulder.

PHILLIP
(curious)
Stacey, are you pregnant?

STACEY cries consistently as they rock back and forth.

STACEY
Yes, Phillip, I am!

PHILLIP
When did you find out?

STACEY
When I went to the doctor.

PHILLIP
How far along you?

STACEY
Eight weeks.

PHILLIP sort of pulls away from STACEY.

PHILLIP
Man! I'm not ready for this.

STACEY
I don't know what to do, Phillip!

PHILLIP takes a deep breath and locks eyes with STACEY.

PHILLIP

You'll just have to get an abortion.

STACEY wipes her eyes and pulls PHILLIP closer.

STACEY

No way!

PHILLIP

Why not?

STACEY

My family is Jewish.

PHILLIP

So.

STACEY

Abortion is murder, Phillip.

PHILLIP

It's no worse than people who get killed everyday out on the streets.

STACEY

Most of those people are criminals.

PHILLIP

True.

STACEY

My Jewish heritage is totally against murder.

PHILLIP

Who cares what they're against.

STACEY

My morals are against abortion, too.

PHILLIP

I'll pay for the abortion.

STACEY

I don't have any say in this?

PHILLIP

Stacey, you're not ready to be a mother. You've got your whole career ahead of you.

STACEY

We made this child growing inside of me together, and we're going to deal with it together.

PHILLIP

(snaps)
Shit!

STACEY

I'm having this baby, Phillip.

PHILLIP

But I'm not ready to be a father
again.

STACEY tightly wraps her arms around his shoulders.

STACEY

Will you marry me?

PHILLIP

(rejects)
I can't do that, Stacey.

STACEY

Why not?

PHILLIP

That'll screw up both of our careers
as police officers.

STACEY

How?

PHILLIP

Look at what the department's trying
to do to me. Right now, my future
with them isn't looking too bright.

STACEY

Whether you marry me not, I'm still
having this baby.

INT. PHILLIP'S TOWNHOME - DAY

PHILLIP and RANDY are in the front room sipping on beers and
watching a college basketball game.

PHILLIP

Guess what?

RANDY

I'm listening.

PHILLIP

Stacey is pregnant.

RANDY

Say what!

PHILLIP

Look, I need a big favor from you.

RANDY

Anything, Phil, anything.

PHILLIP

I need to borrow three-hundred dollars.

RANDY

I can get you two-hundred.

PHILLIP

Cool. I'm trying to talk Stacey into getting an abortion.

RANDY

She's from one of those rich Jewish families. Can't her parents pay for it?

PHILLIP

That's beside the point, Randy.

RANDY

Is Stacey against getting an abortion?

PHILLIP

She says that her family is Jewish and it's totally against their religious beliefs.

RANDY

Guess that's a good enough reason.

PHILLIP

I wanna make an appointment for her to go to Planned Parenthood. Guess all that fucking we've been doing finally caught up with us.

RANDY

Not practicing safe sex has its consequences, Phil.

PHILLIP

That's certainly the truth.

RANDY

How soon do you need the money?

PHILLIP

Soon as possible.

RANDY

You've got it.

PHILLIP

Thanks, Randy.

INT. SOUTHERN PATROL DIVISION - DAY

Senior Patrol Officer, STEWART BAYLESS, speaks with POLICE OFFICERS inside the briefing and roll call room. PHILLIP and fellow OFFICERS listen and take notes on his briefing while he sets up a large projector screen.

STEWART

The double homicide which occurred near the Fifty-Five hundred block of Prospect remains unsolved. We know that there are several drug houses operating in that area.

PHILLIP sits in his chair with a very suspenseful look on his face, while STEWART produces a very vivid photo up on a large projector screen.

STEWART (CONT'D)

This slogan was spray painted on the sidewalks all along Prospect. The department has learned that this 'Double A' subject is a black male, twenty-five years of age, standing five-feet-ten, weighing approximately one-hundred and eighty pounds. He uses the alias name 'Double A' out on the streets among his drug associates.

STEWART produces another photo, which is the actual suspect, DOUBLE A. Once again, it is shown to all the OFFICERS up on the large projector screen.

STEWART (CONT'D)

The real name of this subject is Anthony Anderson. He has prior narcotics convictions and still roams the streets of Kansas City. This suspect is to be apprehended with extreme caution.

PHILLIP stares hard at the photo of ANTHONY "DOUBLE A" ANDERSON.

EXT. WEST 55TH STREET - DAY

PHILLIP and his partner CRAIG check the car of a SUSPECT after responding to a 911 call from a suspicious NEIGHBOR.

PHILLIP finds a ziploc storage bag filled with smaller cellophane bags of crack-cocaine. He abruptly flashes the bag in front of the SUSPECT, who leans against the squad car in handcuffs.

PHILLIP

You know how much time you can get
for having this much dope?

SUSPECT

No.

RUGGIERO and KRAMER are just down the street in an unmarked car. They snap photos of PHILLIP holding the ziploc bag.

PHILLIP

You've got enough dope here to put
you away for the rest of your natural
born life.

SUSPECT

(pleads)

My brother, I'm just out here trying
to survive.

PHILLIP

Surviving by destroying your own
black people? Are you working for
Dale Randle or some of his people?

The SUSPECT honestly confesses.

SUSPECT

Yeah, I'm helping him push some
weight.

PHILLIP

I'm going to give you a break this
time.

SUSPECT

Thanks a lot, my brother. I'm getting
out of the game for good.

PHILLIP

I'm getting rid of this dope. Now,
get the hell out of here.

While PHILLIP uncuffs the SUSPECT, CRAIG stares at him in total disbelief.

CRAIG

Do you realize what you just did?

PHILLIP

Let it go, Craig.

CRAIG

If we got caught doing this, not only will we get fired, but we'll end up in jail with all the rest of them crack dealers.

PHILLIP

Craig, forget it ever happened.

CRAIG

Man, I've got a wife and three kids to support.

PHILLIP

Nobody saw nothing, so let it ride.

EXT. PROSPECT AVENUE AND GREGORY BOULEVARD - DAY

Six KCPD OFFICERS in four separate squad cars swoop in on ANTHONY "DOUBLE A" ANDERSON at the very busy intersection. The OFFICERS jump out with their semi-automatic pistols drawn.

SIX OFFICERS

(commanding unison)

Hold it right there! Get your hands up in the air!

DOUBLE A is handcuffed and shoved into one of the squad cars.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

LIEUTENANT OVERSTREET questions DOUBLE A from the opposite side of a table inside a dim interrogation room.

OVERSTREET

Do you know why the house near Fifty-Fifth and Prospect was shot up?

DOUBLE A

Why?

OVERSTREET

Because of you.

DOUBLE A

You can't prove it.

OVERSTREET

Anthony, you're accessory to that double homicide.

DOUBLE A

How's that?

OVERSTREET shouts in an authoritative voice.

OVERSTREET

Don't you even care who killed your girlfriend and your daughter! Now, cooperate with me in every way possible.

DOUBLE A sits there motionless, shedding some light tears.

DOUBLE A

Alright detective, I'll be straight with you.

OVERSTREET

Who spray painted those threatening slogans on the sidewalk?

DOUBLE A

I know who they are?

OVERSTREET

Well, who was it?

DOUBLE A

Somebody I owe a lot of money to.

OVERSTREET

Money for drugs?

DOUBLE A

Of course.

OVERSTREET

Do you have a name?

DOUBLE A clears his throat with nervous vibes.

DOUBLE A

Dale Randle.

OVERSTREET

You're saying that he's responsible for the murders of your girlfriend and your daughter?

DOUBLE A

It couldn't have been nobody but him.

OVERSTREET

Doesn't surprise me at all. We believe Dale's responsible for other drug-related murders around Kansas City.

DOUBLE A springs out of his chair and points in the face of OVERSTREET.

DOUBLE A

He fucking killed my girlfriend and my little daughter!

OVERSTREET

Hey, calm down, Anthony.

DOUBLE A

I'm going to get even with them motherfuckers!

OVERSTREET

Now, take it easy. These people are still very serious about killing you.

DOUBLE A

What is the police department going to do about it?

OVERSTREET places his hand on top of DOUBLE A'S hand.

OVERSTREET

We believe that you can help us bring Dale Randle down.

DOUBLE A

How?

OVERSTREET

By going undercover as an informant.

DOUBLE A

They'll kill me!

OVERSTREET

You won't have any direct contact with Dale or his closest drug associates.

DOUBLE A

This all sounds too scary, detective.

OVERSTREET

Our narcotics division will have you under twenty-four hour surveillance,
(MORE)

OVERSTREET (CONT'D)
especially during the controlled
buys.

DOUBLE A
I don't want to be screwed around,
detective.

OVERSTREET
You'll get the best protection that
the KCPD can provide.

DOUBLE A
I'm doing this for my girlfriend and
my baby girl. God rest both of their
souls.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

KIRKPATRICK meets once again with RUGGIERO inside his office.
They exchange color photos back and forth.

KIRKPATRICK
What's Figueroa doing here?

RUGGIERO
Letting a dope dealer go scott free.

KIRKPATRICK
What's he holding in his hand?

RUGGIERO
Chief, that's a bag full of dope.

KIRKPATRICK
Who's the guy they've pulled over?

RUGGIERO
Believed to be a known dealer around
the Fifty-Fifth and Prospect area.

KIRKPATRICK
Did Figueroa and Finch make any
arrests?

RUGGIERO
Neither one of them did. James and I
closely surveilled everything that
happened at the scene.

KIRKPATRICK throws his head back.

KIRKPATRICK
Figueroa's protecting these drug-
punks around Kansas City?

RUGGIERO
He certainly is, chief.

KIRKPATRICK
I want Officer Finch in my office
right now.

RUGGIERO
Right away, chief.

INT. KIRKPATRICK'S OFFICE - (3 HOURS LATER) - DAY

Officer CRAIG FINCH steps into KIRKPATRICK'S office after
being summoned by RUGGIERO. He takes a seat across from
KIRKPATRICK.

KIRKPATRICK
The department has received
information that Officer Figueroa is
protecting known drug dealers.

CRAIG
That's quite true, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Explain it to me, Officer Finch.

CRAIG
We received a call near Fifty-Fifth
and Prospect.

KIRKPATRICK
What type of call were you responding
to?

CRAIG
A ten-sixty-six, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Alright, go ahead.

CRAIG
We arrived at the scene and the
suspect was sitting in an early model
Lincoln Continental.

KIRKPATRICK
What happened next?

CRAIG
We had him to step out of the car
and handcuffed him. Then, we did our
routine search and seizure of his
car. Officer Figueroa found a large
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
ziploc storage bag full of crack-
cocaine.

KIRKPATRICK
Continue.

CRAIG
He told the suspect that he was
looking at some serious time for
having that much drugs in his
possession.

KIRKPATRICK
What was the suspect's name?

CRAIG
I don't remember, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Didn't you check him for
identification?

CRAIG
I would've checked him myself, but
Officer Figueroa took charge.

KIRKPATRICK
Go ahead.

CRAIG
The suspect mentioned some guy named
Dale Randle.

KIRKPATRICK
Were you aware that Dale Randle is
under investigation?

CRAIG
No sir, I wasn't.

KIRKPATRICK
Did Officer Figueroa say anything
significant about Dale Randle?

CRAIG
He asked the suspect whether or not
he was selling drugs for Dale.

KIRKPATRICK
His answer being?

CRAIG
He said that he was pushing the weight
for Dale.

KIRKPATRICK
Weight being drugs of course?

CRAIG
Yes sir.

KIRKPATRICK
What happened next?

CRAIG
Officer Figueroa told this guy that
he'd give him a break this time.

KIRKPATRICK
He didn't bother to arrest him or
write a report about the incident?

CRAIG
No sir.

KIRKPATRICK leans forward over his desk.

KIRKPATRICK
Officer Figueroa will be assigned to
the Northern Patrol Division starting
next week. For strict confidential
purposes, he's under close
surveillance by the department. We
believe he's been involved with drug
trafficking for quite some time.
Make sure you keep this information
quiet. Is that understood, Officer
Finch?

CRAIG
It's understood, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Keep your nose clean. You've got a
bright future with the police
department.

CRAIG
Will do, sir.

KIRKPATRICK
Now go out and arrest the bad guys.

EXT. PROSPECT AVENUE AND 35TH STREET - DAY

PHILLIP has been transferred to the Northern Patrol Division.
He and his new partner, OFFICER RICHARD YEARBY, receive a
call from one of the DISPATCHERS while they cruise past a
busy intersection.

DISPATCHER
 (over radio)
 Dispatcher twenty-five to unit nine.

PHILLIP
 (into radio)
 This is unit nine, go ahead.

DISPATCHER
 (over radio)
 We have a four-fifteen at the corner
 of Thirty-Ninth and Prospect.

PHILLIP
 (into radio)
 We're en route. Ten-four.

EXT. PROSPECT AND 39TH STREET - DAY

PHILLIP and RICHARD arrive at the scene of a domestic disturbance which involves a CRACK-ADDICTED MAN and a CRACK-ADDICTED WOMAN.

PHILLIP
 What's the problem here?

CRACK-ADDICTED WOMAN
 (points to man)
 This black nigga here stole some
 shit out of my apartment!

PHILLIP
 What things?

CRACK-ADDICTED WOMAN
 (stutters profusely)
 He.....he stole.....

The CRACK-ADDICTED MAN steps up to PHILLIP and starts shouting.

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN
 This black bitch is a fucking liar,
 officer!

PHILLIP
 Watch your mouth.

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN
 Sorry about that, officer.

PHILLIP
 We're going to end up taking both of
 you to jail.

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

For what?

PHILLIP

For disturbing the peace.

PHILLIP and RICHARD escort the CRACK-ADDICTED MAN over to the side of their squad car and pats him down. PHILLIP stuffs his hands down into his pockets and finds several bags of crack-cocaine and overused crack pipes.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Look at what I found here. Is this what you stole from her?

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

No sir, officer. None of that stuff belongs to her.

PHILLIP

Do you know how much time this'll get you?

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

Time? I ain't done nothing wrong.

PHILLIP

You wanna go around stealing other people's drugs so you can get high?

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

No I don't, officer.

PHILLIP

You need to get cleaned up and find something better else to do with your life.

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

(weak outcry)

Officer, I've been trying my hardest to stop doing this crack shit.

PHILLIP

I'm giving you a break this time.

CRACK-ADDICTED MAN

I'm getting off this dope and get cleaned up.

PHILLIP holds the bags of crack and the pipes in his palms for wide-open viewing purposes. RUGGIERO and KRAMER are on the side of an abandoned building right down the block. They snap a series of photos while PHILLIP holds up the drugs and paraphernalia.

PHILLIP

I guess you all think it's legal to use and sell crack. This is enough to have you arrested, prosecuted, and hauled off to jail for a long time. You two need to get a grip on life.

The CRACK-ADDICTED MAN and the CRACK-ADDICTED WOMAN look at PHILLIP with regretful expressions. PHILLIP drops the drugs and pipes on the ground. He crushes them into the dirt with the hard sole of his shoe. RICHARD stares at him in disbelief.

RICHARD

You're going to just let them go?

PHILLIP

Don't worry about it, Rich.

RICHARD

But we can get into deep shit for this.

PHILLIP

Let it go, Rich, let it go.

RICHARD

You're putting our jobs in jeopardy, Phillip.

PHILLIP

Everything will be fine.

RICHARD

Man, I've got an old lady and four kids to support.

INT. SIDE STREET - DAY

RUGGIERO and KRAMER are still snapping photos with their high-powered zoom lens camera.

RUGGIERO

That pukebag Figueroa is nothing but a dope dealer in a police uniform.

KRAMER

If every cop on the force was like Figueroa, dealers would take over this entire city.

RUGGIERO

How much more evidence does the chief need for us to haul Figueroa's ass in?

KRAMER

Not much more, Carlo. Not much more,
my friend.

RUGGIERO

We'll make him sorry that he ever
became a police officer.

INT. FAST STOP LIQUORS AND DELI - DAY

Notorious Kansas City drug dealer, DALE RANDLE, and liquor store owner, JOHNNY PELUSO, a balding and puffy-eyed Italian man, are in a private room in the back of his store discussing a major drug transaction.

DALE

The feds busted my partner out in
L.A.

PELUSO

What partner?

DALE

MoFrog.

PELUSO

Didn't he keep you well supplied?

DALE

With at least ten keys a pop.

PELUSO

Won't this screw up our coke pipeline
that came out of L.A.?

DALE

Johnny, MoFrog getting busted by the
feds is gonna hurt all of us.

PELUSO

What are we going to do now?

DALE

Find new connections.

PELUSO

Where from, Dale?

DALE

My boys still make runs out to
California and down to Florida all
the time.

PELUSO

Where do they get their supply from?

DALE

Where else? The fucking Colombians
and Cubans and Dominicans.

PELUSO

How were they getting it to MoFrog's
boys?

DALE

Boats and planes push that shit
straight to the coasts of Florida,
Texas, and California.

PELUSO

Let me know when you hear something.

DALE

I'll contact some people out in
California and get back with you.
The good thing is that MoFrog has
still got some of his boys out on
the streets.

PELUSO

Sounds good.

EXT. 35TH STREET AND PROSPECT AVENUE - DAY

The owner of Fast Stop Liquors and Deli, JOHNNY PELUSO, stands
at a very busy intersection in a real foul mood. He engages
in a furious debate with an alcoholic-vagrant nicknamed
'SOUPBONE' by his street ASSOCIATES. While shouting and
spitting in one another's faces, the two MEN can't seem to
come to a peaceful resolution.

PELUSO

What the fuck did I tell you about
panhandling in front of my store?

SOUPBONE

Ain't nobody panhandling in front of
your store.

PELUSO

All you ever do is interrupt business
in front of here. You're always
harassing my customers.

SOUPBONE

I ain't harassed nobody.

PELUSO

People along Prospect make complaints
about you all the time. Every goddam
day it's the same bullshit with you.

SOUPBONE

You don't own this sidewalk. This property belongs to the city.

PELUSO

All of this property around here is mines! All of this here belongs to me, you fucking drunk scumbag!

SOUPBONE

(drunken speech)

Fuck you!

PELUSO

What did you say, you fucking nigger?

SOUPBONE

You heard me the first time.

PELUSO

Go ahead, you fucking monkey, say it again.

SOUPBONE

I said fuck you, you dago sonofabitch!

SOUPBONE reaches into his pocket for a half-pint of gin.
PELUSO becomes fearful that it may be a weapon of some sort.

SOUPBONE (CONT'D)

(threatening)

Keep fucking with me, and I'll kill your dago-wop ass!

PELUSO

Wait right here.

PELUSO storms into his liquor store. He returns with a thick wooden baseball bat drawn high over his shoulders.

PELUSO (CONT'D)

(challenges)

Now, what the fuck did you say that you'll do to me?

SOUPBONE slides the bottle out of his pocket like it's a weapon. PELUSO focuses in on his hand and pants pocket.

SOUPBONE

Motherfucker, I said I'll kill your wop ass!

PELUSO strikes SOUPBONE in the back of his head with the most powerful blow possible.

PELUSO
 (barbarically)
 Nobody calls me a wop or a dago,
 especially you, you fucking drunk
 nigger!

PELUSO strikes SOUPBONE repeatedly in the back of his head with more intense blows.

PELUSO (CONT'D)
 I'll kill you!

SOUPBONE slumbers to the ground with blood dripping from the back of his head. Bits and pieces of fractured skull scatter over the sidewalk. SOUPBONE is dead after a few short minutes of lying stretched across the concrete. His grimy shirt is soaked with his own blood, and a small puddle has stained the sidewalk. NEIGHBORS from around Prospect and CUSTOMERS from inside the liquor store, form a massive crowd around the brutally-beaten SOUPBONE. They look down at his lifeless body with great sympathy. A witness to the entire incident, RONALD JACKSON, stands several yards across the street. He steps up to PELUSO holding a small paper sack.

RONALD
 (accusatory)
 You didn't have to kill Soupbone.

PELUSO huffs and puffs after executing the deadly beating.

PELUSO
 He threatened to kill me first.

PELUSO sweats profusely while he holds the bloody bat in his hand.

RONALD
 With a gin bottle? You beat him like
 he was some savage beast.

PELUSO
 As far as I'm concerned, he could've
 been reaching for a pistol.

RONALD
 But you still didn't have to beat
 him to death.

PELUSO
 I did what I had to do.

Two CLERKS from inside the liquor store come out to escort PELUSO away from the angry CROWD. A hysterical WOMAN amongst the crowd penetrates her way up to the slain body of SOUPBONE.

WOMAN

Call an ambulance! Call the police!
This man's head is split wide open!

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

PHILLIP and RICHARD patrol the north vicinity of Kansas City. A DISPATCHER clearly comes over their radio to announce the brutal homicide.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

Dispatcher thirty-one to unit eight.

PHILLIP snatches the radio up.

PHILLIP

(into radio)

Go ahead, dispatcher thirty-one.

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

We have a one-eighty-seven at the corner of Thirty-Fifth and Prospect.

PHILLIP

(into radio)

Any description of a suspect?

DISPATCHER

(over radio)

That's negative.

PHILLIP

(into radio)

Ten-four. We're en-route to the scene.

PHILLIP slams the radio back on the receiver.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Wonder what that homicide is about?

RICHARD

Probably some crackhead or some drunk.

PHILLIP switches on the siren as they speed towards the scene.

EXT. 35TH STREET AND PROSPECT - (30 MINUTES LATER) - DAY

PHILLIP and RICHARD arrive to assist other OFFICERS in processing the bloody murder scene. Ambulances, fire trucks, and many police squad cars are at the scene. Mild chaos has broken out and KCPD OFFICERS try to disperse the rowdy CROWD. Homicide Detective ROBERT NOLL from the Northern Patrol Division arrives and seeks out details from PHILLIP.

DETECTIVE NOLL
What do we have here, Figueroa?

PHILLIP
Some vagrant who panhandled regularly
here in front of Fast Stop Liquors.

DETECTIVE NOLL
What was the motive?

PHILLIP
The owner says he interrupted business
and threatened to kill him.

PHILLIP and DETECTIVE NOLL walk over to the stretcher where SOUPBONE has been placed in a bodybag. PHILLIP unzips the bag and DETECTIVE NOLL observes the wide open split creasing the top and side of SOUPBONE'S skull.

DETECTIVE NOLL
(screeches)
Jesus Christ!

PHILLIP
Same thing I said, Detective Noll.

DETECTIVE NOLL
Where's the owner now?

PHILLIP
Inside the store talking with other
detectives.

DETECTIVE NOLL
Any witnesses?

PHILLIP
A couple, I think.

DETECTIVE NOLL
Okay Figueroa, I want you and the
other guys from the NPD to finish
processing the scene, and let's get
the body fingerprinted and in the
wagon.

PHILLIP
Right away, Detective Noll.

A very upset BYSTANDER steps forward to voice his strong opinion. He shoots an angry expression at all the OFFICERS and DETECTIVES processing the brutal murder scene.

BYSTANDER

Why are they sending all these white police officers into our neighborhood, anyway?

PHILLIP moves right next to the hostile BYSTANDER.

PHILLIP

Alright, calm down people.

BYSTANDER

We all should bust through that crime scene tape and straighten their white asses out.

The CROWD shouts and becomes more restless.

PHILLIP

Go home and calm down, people.

BYSTANDER

Those white police officers were treating Soupbone like a dog before they put him in the bodybag and onto that stretcher.

For precautionary measures, OFFICERS grip the handles of their pistols and billyclubs.

PHILLIP

(warning)

Either go home or we're going to start making arrests.

BYSTANDER

(militantly)

Murdered black people don't mean nothing to racist white people!

DETECTIVE NOLL turns to five UNIFORM OFFICERS for further instructions.

DETECTIVE NOLL

Guys, I'd appreciate it if you could finish your work at the morgue. Let's get the body fingerprinted and put in the coroner's van so we can close up the scene. To be frank with all of you, I don't want to die at this corner on Prospect.

The same raging BYSTANDER jumps to the forefront of the CROWD.

BYSTANDER

(militant outburst)

The scariest thing in this whole
wide world is a white man with a
badge and a gun!

INT. HARRY S. TRUMAN MEDICAL CENTER - EVENING

The mother and brother of VICTOR "SOUPBONE" EDWARDS, LULA MAE EDWARDS and TERRANCE EDWARDS, stand over the dead body of their son and brother inside the morgue. One of the morgue WORKERS pulls back the white sheet for them to view the body.

LULA MAE

(weeps)

My baby! Why did something like this
have to happen to Soupbone?

TERRANCE

(furiously)

Because that wop-dago bastard who
owns Fast Stop thinks he can kill
black people and get away with it!

LULA MAE

Just look at where he split open the
back of Soupbone's head.

TERRANCE

I see it, mamma. He beat Soupbone
like he was a savage beast.

LULA MAE

We're going to leave it in God's
hands.

TERRANCE

Slavery time is long over, mamma.
White people have ran over and
dominated black people long enough.

LULA MAE

Hush your foolishness, boy.

TERRANCE turns to LULA MAE with eyes of sheer vengeance.

TERRANCE

(explanatory)

Mamma, they can beat us and they can
rob us. They can cheat us and they
can rape us. They can definitely
kill us and get away with it. They'll
look at Soupbone as one less worthless
nigga they have to deal with.

LULA MAE
Stop all that crazy talk, son.

EXT. 35TH STREET AND PROSPECT - DAY

A week following the savage killing of SOUPBONE, CITIZENS and POLITICAL ACTIVISTS of Kansas City's black community rally against Fast Stop Liquors by holding up signs with strong political messages. They loudly chant protesting remarks against the liquor store.

CITIZENS AND POLITICAL ACTIVISTS
(powerful unison)
Close Fast Stop, now! Take them out
of business! Close Fast Stop, now!
Take them out of business!

EXT. 31ST STREET AND PROSPECT - DAY

A powerful black Kansas City community leader, ELEANOR BABCOCK, stands on a small stage in a strip mall parking lot to speak to a massive crowd of SUPPORTERS.

ELEANOR
(into microphone)
The savage murder of Victor "Soupbone"
Edwards is a threat to the entire
black community. We are here to urge
you citizens of the white and black
community to stop patronizing Fast
Stop Liquors and Deli. In order for
the system to work for all of us, we
must take a stand and make it work.
We are taxpayers in this system and
we must hold our leaders accountable.
After all, we are the same people
who pay their salaries.

LULA MAE and TERRANCE and other SUPPORTERS respond with thunderous applause and loud whistles. PHILLIP and other fellow KCPD OFFICERS are on standby to keep the rally peaceful.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
The unfortunate legacy that has been
left to us as minority people is a
lack of accessible health care,
restricted education, poverty, high
unemployment rates, job
discrimination, poor government
subsidized housing, and absolute
disenfranchisement.

The CROWD responds again with more aggressive applauses and louder whistles. PURE rage saturates the eyes of TERRANCE. A very MILITANT WOMAN from the crowd forces her way up towards the front with both arms stretched to the sky.

MILITANT WOMAN

Not to mention all those people burned up in that house, and that black man and his white girlfriend killed in front of that Seven Eleven. And it's all over that dam dope that the government's been bringing in.

EXT. 35TH STREET AND PROSPECT - NIGHT

It is 3:30 a.m. in front of Fast Stop Liquors and Deli. TERRANCE EDWARDS and four of his closest FRIENDS jump out of an earlier model Cadillac Fleetwood with automatic pistols and submachine guns drawn. Viciously, they fire countless volleys of rounds at Fast Stop Liquors and Deli.

TERRANCE

(monstrously shouts)

This is for my brother, you guinea motherfuckaaaaahhhhhh!!!!

Shards of glass, wood, plaster, and metal spring every which direction. The front of Fast Stop Liquors and Deli is practically demolished. TERRANCE and his FRIENDS jump into the running Cadillac zoom south on Prospect.

EXT. FAST STOP LIQUORS - (1 HOUR LATER) - NIGHT

VAGRANTS and DRUG ADDICTS and NEIGHBORS along Prospect run in and out of the store with bottles of liquor and grocery items. A TEENAGER and his FRIEND discover many bags of crack-cocaine under the counter near the cash register.

TEENAGER

I knew they were selling dope out of this liquor store.

FRIEND

Let's grab all of this shit and sell it to the baseheads up and down Prospect.

They grab the crack and run out of the store.

INT. EPICUREAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

PHILLIP and DALE stand at the bar of an exclusive nightclub holding cocktails. They are checking out the very beautiful WOMEN going along the aisles. DOUBLE A stands a few feet away disguised in dark shades and a black bolero hat.

EXT. TROOST AVENUE AND 75TH STREET - NIGHT

PHILLIP and DALE are getting inside his Mercedes on the side of The Epicurean nightclub.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

RUGGIERO and KRAMER are taking several photos of PHILLIP and DALE sitting inside his Mercedes. They use specialized cameras for night photography.

INT. PHILLIP'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

PHILLIP steps into his bedroom and peeks out the window. His suspicions have proven correct. Three police squad cars are parked in the back with their lights and engines shut off.

PHILLIP

(low voice)

Those sneaky sonofabitches are up to something.

INT. GREENLEASE MANSION - DAY

STACEY and her father DON sit in the living room of his exclusive Mission Hills mansion sipping on cups of warm peppermint cappuccino. They engage in quite an intense conversation.

DON

What are you going to do now that you're pregnant with a black man's child?

STACEY

I'm going to have this baby, dad.

DON

Do you realize what interracial children go through?

STACEY

They're no different than any other children.

DON

I've talked with interracial children before.

STACEY

What's your point?

DON

They have no sense of belonging.

STACEY

Dad, why can't we as human beings make babies that aren't black, that aren't white, that aren't brown, or that aren't red or yellow? Why can't we just make babies that are human beings like everyone else?

DON

Sweetheart, people need to stick with their own race.

STACEY

Everybody is mixed with something. Does that make them any less of a person?

DON

Mixed-race people are confused.

STACEY

Only in your eyes. I can't understand why you can't be with somebody because of the color of their skin.

DON throws his hand across the shoulder of STACEY.

DON

Honey, won't you get an abortion.

STACEY

Dad, I'm nearly four months.

DON

You're bringing shame into the Greenlease family. I wanted you to go to a top university and get a medical or a law degree.

STACEY

What about what I want?

DON

You're ruining your future, darling.

STACEY

I'm still not getting an abortion.

DON

Stop and think about your future.

STACEY

Phillip also wanted me to get an abortion.

DON
Is Phillip going to be a part of
this child's life?

STACEY
I'm sure he will.

DON
Sources tell me that he's fathered
many children by several women all
over Kansas City. You and I both
know that black men have a reputation
for not supporting their children.

STACEY
Dad, that's being racist.

DON
Facts don't lie, Stacey.

STACEY
Some do, some don't.

DON
He'll desert you like he did all
those other women.

STACEY walks out of the room and out the front door.

INT. GREENLEASE MANSION - (2 HOURS LATER) - DAY

DON has waited until STACEY has left his home. He is jittery
and decides to give DETECTIVE RUGGIERO a call on his police
mobile phone.

DON
(into phone)
Carlo, this is Don.

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
What's up?

DON
(into phone)
Are you guys any closer to putting
that Officer Figueroa sonofabitch
behind bars?

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Real close, Don.

DON
(into phone)
Can you believe that that slimeball
got my daughter nearly four months
pregnant?

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
You've got to be kidding!

DON
(into phone)
She won't get an abortion. She insists
on bringing shame to the Greenlease
family.

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Don't worry, Don. Figueroa will be
locked up in no time.

DON
(into phone)
Then it's a done deal?

RUGGIERO
(over phone)
Absolutely.

INT. JOHNNY PELUSO'S HOME - DAY

RUGGIERO and one of his closest associates, JOHNNY PELUSO,
owner of Fast Stop Liquors, sit comfortably inside his private
study sipping on cocktails.

PELUSO
(nervously)
Carlo, what are my chances of beating
this murder case?

RUGGIERO
I'd say dam good, Johnny.

PELUSO
What'd you have planned?

RUGGIERO
I found out who the jury foreman is
in this trial.

PELUSO
How'd you pull that off?

RUGGIERO cuts a sinister smirk.

RUGGIERO

I've got plenty of strong connections at the Jackson County Courthouse. Clerks, judges, administrators, you name it, I'm in good with all of them.

PELUSO

You contacted the foreman yet?

RUGGIERO

Not yet.

PELUSO

Is he for sale?

RUGGIERO

Everybody's got a price, Johnny.

PELUSO

Now's the time to use all of our muscle.

RUGGIERO

Johnny, that was a worthless drunk nigger that you whacked upside the head! Besides, that lowlife street trash threatened to kill you.

PELUSO

Tommy Galluccio's not too happy about me killing that nigger. The last thing we need is for the feds to go nosing around with the Galluccio family here in Kansas City.

RUGGIERO

I'll wait for the payoff money to reach the foreman before the trial starts.

INT. INDEPENDENCE CENTER SHOPPING MALL - DAY

RUGGIERO and a jury foreman, JOHN MCREYNOLDS, take a private stroll through the first level of a busy mall. Their voices are drowned out by all types of noises in the mall.

RUGGIERO

Will you be ready by Monday?

MCREYNOLDS

Ready as I'll ever be.

RUGGIERO

I've already authorized payments.

MCREYNOLDS

Sounds good.

RUGGIERO

What are you going to do when it comes time for jury deliberations?

MCREYNOLDS

Convince the other jurors to vote not guilty.

RUGGIERO

The purpose is to throw this case. A hung jury, right?

MCREYNOLDS

Right.

INT. JACKSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Inside a packed Courtroom B on the fourth floor of the Jackson County Courthouse, Jackson County Prosecutor, LARRY WILHELM, cross-examines witness RONALD JACKSON, who is suited down up on the witness stand.

LARRY

Mr. Jackson, I ask that you study the defendant, Mr. Peluso, very carefully. Is he the same man that you witnessed brutally beating Victor Edwards with the baseball bat?

RONALD

(calmly)
Yes he is.

LARRY

Would you say that he was trying to kill him with the baseball bat?

RONALD

Yes he was.

LARRY

Why?

RONALD

I believe because he wanted to make an example out of him.

LARRY

What type of example, Mr. Jackson?

RONALD

An example that would put fear in all black men who lived around Prospect.

LARRY

Mr. Jackson, did Victor possess any type of weapon to defend himself?

RONALD

None whatsoever.

LARRY

Is it understood, Mr. Jackson, that Mr. Peluso shouted out vicious racial slurs at Victor Edwards, while he brutally assaulted him with the baseball bat?

RONALD

Yes, it's very true.

LARRY

What exactly were the damaging racial slurs that Mr. Peluso shouted towards him?

RONALD

Everytime he swung the bat, he called him a '*nigger*' over and over again.

LARRY

Like he was thrilled senselessly about killing a black man?

The defense attorney representing PELUSO, the hotheaded and arrogant MICHAEL CURREN, jumps out of his seat from over at the defense table.

MICHAEL

Objection your honor! Mr. Wilhelm's questioning of the witness has become a racially biased circus!

JUDGE LEONARD CURLS nods his head.

JUDGE CURLS

Sustained. Continue, Mr. Wilhelm.

LARRY

There'll be no further questioning, your honor.

MICHAEL CURREN dashes towards the witness stand straightening his tie.

MICHAEL

Mr. Jackson, what were you doing that day on Prospect when Mr. Peluso supposedly assaulted Victor Edwards?

RONALD

I had just come out of Fast Stop to buy some beer.

MICHAEL

Was buying beer the only thing you were doing?

RONALD

Yes it was.

MICHAEL

Didn't you come around on Prospect to buy drugs, Mr. Jackson?

RONALD

Drugs? Now way!

MICHAEL

Isn't that area around Prospect a high trafficking area for drugs? A vicinity where my client, Mr. Peluso, doesn't tolerate drug dealers trying to make drug transactions?

LARRY quickly jumps from his seat at the prosecutor's table.

LARRY

Objection your honor! The witness has never had any prior drug convictions!

JUDGE CURLS

Sustained. Continue, Mr. Curren.

MICHAEL projects an intimidating stare at RONALD.

MICHAEL

Mr. Jackson, you didn't come over to Fast Stop Liquors to offer help or show concern for Victor Edwards. You wanted to sell drugs to neighborhood children and elderly people along prospect. Didn't you, Mr. Jackson?

RONALD

I've never sold drugs a day in my life.

MICHAEL

Why didn't you offer to help Victor Edwards after he was dead?

RONALD

Because I knew it was too late.

MICHAEL

So, you only wanted to be a cheap spectator?

RONALD

That's not true.

MICHAEL

You got a thrill out of watching a dead man lying on the sidewalk. Didn't you?

RONALD

No I didn't.

MICHAEL

There'll be no further questions.

INT. JACKSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

PELUSO is on the witness stand wearing a nicely creased blue suit. He is ready to be cross-examined by LARRY WILHELM.

LARRY

Mr. Peluso, weren't most of your customers African Americans?

PELUSO

Yes they were.

LARRY

Wasn't it because of these same African Americans patronizing your store that you remained in business?

PELUSO

Yes, I'd have to say that's true.

LARRY

Isn't it true, Mr. Peluso, that you hired convicted drug dealers to work for you in your store?

PELUSO

No, that's definitely not true.

LARRY

Also, Mr. Peluso, didn't these same convicted drug dealers sell crack-cocaine out of your liquor store?

PELUSO

Absolutely not!

LARRY

Didn't you hire these same convicted drug dealers because they were African Americans, and they could attract other African Americans from around Prospect to your store to buy large quantities of crack-cocaine?

PELUSO

That's definitely not true.

LARRY

Aren't you laundering drug money through your liquor stores?

PELUSO

Certainly not.

LARRY

(convincingly)

Mr. Peluso, aren't you an associate member of the Galluccio crime family? A notorious Mafia family that has an enduring legacy of organized crime right here in Kansas City, Missouri? A brutally murderous organized crime family that is heavily involved with narcotics, prostitution, gambling, loansharking, construction bidrigging, and corrupt Teamsters Union officials, dating all the way back to the days of the 'Pendergast Political Machine'? Aren't these all facts, Mr. Peluso?

MICHAEL barbarously jumps up from the defense table.

MICHAEL

Objection your honor! None of these absurd allegations are pertinent, whatsoever, to this trial at hand!

JUDGE CURLS gestures with his gavel.

JUDGE CURLS

Sustained. You may continue, Mr. Wilhelm.

LARRY

Thank you, your honor. Why did citizens of the African American community rally against your store?

PELUSO

Everybody knows why.

LARRY

Was it because everybody in the African American community knew that your assault on Victor Edwards was vigilant and barbaric and very much racist?

PELUSO

I may be a lot of things, sir, but I'm definitely not a racist.

LARRY

You wanted to make an example out of Victor Edwards by settling your dispute in a brutal manner. Didn't you, Mr. Peluso?

PELUSO

I was only protecting myself.

LARRY

There'll be no further questions.

INT. JACKSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - (FINAL DAY OF TRIAL) - DAY

The mischevious eyes of JOHN MCREYNOLDS roll and wander around the congested courtroom. LULA MAE and TERRANCE embrace tightly as they anticipate on hearing the verdict. MICHAEL and PELUSO wait nervously at the defense table. LARRY sits calmly at the prosecution table as he waits to hear the verdict. JUDGE CURLS glances over at the jury box.

JUDGE CURLS

Has the jury reached a verdict?

JOHN MCREYNOLDS stands with the greatest of confidence.

MCREYNOLDS

Yes we have, your honor.

JUDGE CURLS

You may proceed.

MCREYNOLDS clears his throat while rotating his estranged eyes around the courtroom.

MCREYNOLDS

We the jury, find the defendant,
John David Peluso, not guilty on all
counts.

PELUSO leans over to embrace MICHAEL with a tense hug. Half the COURTROOM cheers, while the other half yells and uses profane language. JUDGE CURLS pounds his gavel up on the bench.

JUDGE CURLS

(yells)

Order in the court! Order in the
court! I want order this very second,
or I'll have you all removed from
this courtroom.

Out in the audience, TERRANCE catches LULA MAE as she slumbers to the floor. She releases a rush of tears.

LULA MAE

That man should be in jail for what
he did to my son!

TERRANCE

That's bullshit! Somebody got paid
under the table!

PHILLIP steps up to console LULA MAE, while he wears his neatly pressed police uniform.

PHILLIP

(comforting)

Ma'am, I'm sorry about what happened
to your son.

LULA MAE

Thank you, son.

TERRANCE respectfully moves into the face of PHILLIP.

TERRANCE

Officer, we're going over to city
hall so they can look deeper into
him savagely killing my brother.

PHILLIP

Good luck, my brother, in whatever
actions you take.

TERRANCE

Thanks.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

A hungry press corps of ANCHORMEN and ANCHORWOMEN stop LARRY for an interview outside the courthouse.

ANCHORMAN

Mr. Wilhelm, what are your views on the outcome of the trial?

LARRY

The U.S. Department of Justice will be receiving a notarized civil rights declaration.

ANCHORMAN

Do you feel there was a miscarriage of justice, Mr. Wilhelm?

LARRY

Absolutely.

ANCHORMAN

When do you plan on filing this declaration?

LARRY

Soon. That's all I have to say.

LARRY rushes away while the CAMERA CREWS follow in pursuit.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

ANTHONY "DOUBLE A" ANDERSON is wired down while he's inside a notorious drug house about to make a transaction with one of DALE RANDLE'S most loyal dealers, EARL MAPLES, better known by friends and associates as "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL, since he has a very unattractive overbite.

DOUBLE A

Where can I get some eight balls from?

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

How soon do you need it?

DOUBLE A steps back wiping his face since "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL is spitting out mists of saliva and tiny bits of food particles.

DOUBLE A

As soon as you can get it.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

All it takes is a phone call.

DOUBLE A

Think Dale Randle can hook me up?

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL is aroused by sudden suspicion.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

Where do you know Dale from?

DOUBLE A

Everybody in Kansas City knows Dale.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

You're right.

DOUBLE A

Let me get four dimes right now.

EXT. VAN - DAY

A crew of audio surveillance DETECTIVES are in an unmarked white van listening to and taping the drug conversation between DOUBLE A and "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Police Chief MEYER KIRKPATRICK sits in comfort behind the desk inside his office. He is flanked by Detectives RUGGIERO and KRAMER and other narcotics DETECTIVES from the Northern and Southern Patrol Divisions during a very secretive meeting.

KIRKPATRICK

Men, it's time to make our move on Figueroa. If we keep him on the force, there'll be more drugs floating around the streets of Kansas City than we'll know what to do with.

RUGGIERO

What'd you have in mind, chief?

KIRKPATRICK

Setting Figueroa up on a reverse drug sting operation.

RUGGIERO

Brilliant idea, chief.

KIRKPATRICK

Every officer that we've teamed him up with has admitted that he's letting these dealers go scott free, only to sell more dope out on the streets.

KRAMER

What location did you have in mind?

KIRKPATRICK

It's gotta be somewhere along
Prospect.

RUGGIERO

But what would be the perfect spot?

KIRKPATRICK

We've gotta pick a spot between the
vicinity of Thirty-First Street and
Thirty-Ninth Street, somewhere
parallel to Prospect. Dope is pretty
rampant in those areas.

RUGGIERO

(cheers)
Perfect!

KRAMER pops his fingers.

KRAMER

We've finally got the tiger by the
tail. Now we can ride that sonofabitch
right on out of this department.

KIRKPATRICK

Find an apartment building that's
heavy with dope. Pick out an empty
apartment in that same building and
plant the dope and money in there.

RUGGIERO

No problem, chief.

KIRKPATRICK

Listen closely, men. I want some of
our best narcotics guys to plant the
dope and money in there. I want
effective surveillance cameras inside
the apartment that'll record
Figueroa's every move.

RUGGIERO

You've got it, chief.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Two undercover NARCOTICS DETECTIVES are planting five-hundred dollars in marked currency, and small bags of counterfeit crack-cocaine on a table inside an apartment furnished by the police department with old sofas and tables. A MEMBER of the surveillance crew installs an undetectable camera in a dark corner on the ceiling.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

PHILLIP drives alone inside his squad car since the PATROL SUPERVISOR at the NPD received orders from CHIEF KIRKPATRICK to allow him to go solo. He is in the vicinity of Prospect and Linwood Boulevard. A DISPATCHER suddenly comes over the radio.

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
Dispatcher nineteen to unit eight.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
We have a four-fifteen at Thirty-Eight, Thirty-Nine Prospect.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
Is that a residence or an apartment building?

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
It's an apartment building.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
Do you have an apartment number?

DISPATCHER
(over radio)
It's Apartment 3A in the building.

PHILLIP
(into radio)
Ten-four.

INT. 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

PHILLIP walks with caution into Apartment 3A with his service revolver planted firmly in his left hand. After he observes everything inside, he suddenly notices a large roll of cash and drugs on a table.

INT. NORTHERN PATROL DIVISION - NIGHT

RUGGIERO and KRAMER sit inside a video and conference room at the NPD. They closely watch a monitor which displays every move that PHILLIP makes inside Apartment 3A.

RUGGIERO

(anxiously)

Come on, Figueroa, come on! Go for
the bait, you asshole!

KRAMER

(excitingly)

Do it, Figueroa, do it!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

PHILLIP has the contraband and walks out into the hallway. A
WOMAN and her CHILD stands around with looks of suspense on
their faces.

WOMAN

What's wrong, officer?

PHILLIP

I got a call about a disturbance.

WOMAN

Everything's been quiet around here.

PHILLIP

(points)

Did you see anybody arguing or
fighting inside that apartment?

WOMAN

Nobody lives in there, officer.

PHILLIP

Are you sure?

WOMAN

I've been living here for over two
years, and nobody has lived in that
apartment for over a year.

PHILLIP

(whispers)

Shit! This is a setup.

PHILLIP has his suspicions. He kindly reaches out to give
the WOMAN the large roll of cash.

WOMAN

What's this?

PHILLIP

Take it and do something good for
you and your child.

WOMAN

Jesus! Thank you so very much,
officer. God bless you, always.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

PHILLIP goes to the very back of the decaying building. He drops the crack to the ground and crushes it into the soft dirt with the hard sole of his shoe.

INT. NORTHERN PATROL DIVISION - NIGHT

PHILLIP walks into the NPD looking confused. RUGGIERO and KRAMER, along with other NARCOTICS DETECTIVES, wait diligently for him with venomous stares. They escort him into a private room in the very back of the police division.

RUGGIERO

Alright Officer Figueroa, where's
the goods?

PHILLIP

What goods?

KRAMER

The same goods that you stole out of
Apartment 3A at Thirty-Eight, Thirty-
Nine Prospect.

PHILLIP

What are you talking about?

RUGGIERO

You're not dealing with no dummies
here, Figueroa.

PHILLIP tilts his head in disappointment.

PHILLIP

I knew this was a setup.

RUGGIERO

Alright Figueroa, I want you to strip
down into your birthday suit.

PHILLIP

(shouts)
Say what!

RUGGIERO

Strip down to nothing at all.

RUGGIERO and KRAMER and other DETECTIVES thoroughly check every piece of his clothing items. They check PHILLIP'S utility belt and unscrew his flashlight.

RUGGIERO (CONT'D)
Now, bend over and spread'em.

PHILLIP
(whines)
Come on, now!

RUGGIERO
Do it, Figueroa!

Embarrassingly, PHILLIP bends forward and spreads his buttocks. RUGGIERO and KRAMER shine bright flashlights on and around his buttocks and they find nothing.

RUGGIERO (CONT'D)
(confrontational)
You're nothing but a thief, Figueroa.

PHILLIP
A thief? What did I steal?

RUGGIERO
Five-hundred dollars in cash and
five ounces of crack-cocaine.

PHILLIP
That's bullshit!

RUGGIERO
You're not going to squeal your way
out of this one.

INT. VIDEO AND CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

PHILLIP is escorted into another private room. KRAMER turns on a video monitor which replays his presence at Apartment 3A during the entire reverse drug sting operation. RUGGIERO pauses the videotape as it closes in on PHILLIP confiscating the money and drugs off the table.

RUGGIERO
Either that's you, Figueroa, or you've
got an identical twin brother running
around.

PHILLIP
I'll bet you're getting a rise out
of this.

RUGGIERO
Only doing my job.

PHILLIP
Stacey was right about you.

RUGGIERO
Officer Greenlease has nothing to do
with this.

PHILLIP
You set me up from the start.

RUGGIERO
Whatever you say, Figueroa.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

RANDY rests on his plush leather sofa reading a fresh copy
of the "Kansas City Times".

He focuses strongly on a front page headline which reads in
big bold letters: "K.C. COP PROTECTED KNOWN DRUG DEALERS".

He snatches up the phone and makes an attempt to contact
PHILLIP. After many rings, no one answers.

EXT. CITADEL APARTMENTS - DAY

RANDY stands at the door of PHILLIP'S townhome knocking.

RANDY
(yells)
Phillip, are you in there!

He knocks several more times with stronger force.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Phillip, if you're in there, then
open up! I really need to talk to
you!

EXT. SIDE OF APARTMENTS - DAY

RANDY jumps up to an open window and climbs through.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Cautiously, RANDY walks into the front room. There, he finds
PHILLIP sitting motionless with a .38 calibre revolver pressed
into his temple.

RANDY
(pleads)
My God! Listen to me, Phil. Take the
gun away from your head and put it
down on the table.

RANDY walks towards the sofa with his hand stretched forward.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Don't do it, Phil. It's not worth it
in the end. You've got too much to
live for, my brother.

Tears stream down the face of PHILLIP, while his finger plays
around with the trigger.

PHILLIP

I'm ready to end it all right now,
Randy!

RANDY moves close enough to take the gun from him. He embraces
PHILLIP with a tight hug and kisses him on the cheek.

RANDY

It's going to be alright, Phil.

PHILLIP

Those motherfuckers set me up!

RANDY

Yeah, I know. Everybody's talking
about it.

PHILLIP

I should've quit the force a long
time ago.

RANDY

Listen to me, Phil. Don't you ever
try and take yourself out again.
Never, man!

PHILLIP

I'm sorry, Randy.

RANDY

What's so bad that you have to take
yourself out?

PHILLIP jerks his head away in shame.

PHILLIP

Stacey's pregnant and won't get an
abortion. Renee's got child support
fucking me around. Now, the goddam
police department set me up on this
reverse drug sting operation. Randy,
it's all crashing down on me at the
same time.

RANDY

Don't let them bastards bring you
down. You're a giant, Phil.

PHILLIP leans over to lovingly embrace RANDY.

PHILLIP
I love you, Randy.

RANDY
I love you, too, Phil.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

PHILLIP sits inside the office of civil rights attorney DAVID MCCONNELL on the twentieth floor of city hall in downtown Kansas City. He explains the details of the reverse drug sting operation.

DAVID
Since you've been a police officer, have there been any sting operations set up involving white officers?

PHILLIP
The department gets the same information on white officers. But they don't do sting operations on the corrupt white cops on the force.

DAVID
What information exactly do they get on white police officers?

PHILLIP
There are white cops out there stealing drugs and money after they bust into drug houses. The department knows about it, but they don't care when somebody white does it.

DAVID
Here's what you can do.

PHILLIP
What?

DAVID
You can file a title seven under the federal statutes under the civil rights acts of nineteen sixty-four.

PHILLIP
Will it do any good?

DAVID
Wouldn't hurt.

PHILLIP

They've done their damage. Now, it's time for me to do my damage.

DAVID

You'll have to fill out an intake form and a charge of discrimination forms.

PHILLIP

What exactly do I have to write down on these forms?

DAVID

Give a narrative describing the reverse drug sting operation, and whether or not you have witnesses to help you prove your case.

PHILLIP

I'm ready to stick it to their asses.

DAVID

I must warn you beforehand, Phillip. The police department filed a theft charge against you over at the Jackson County Courthouse. They're going to come back at you with something much stronger.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A civil rights representative from the Missouri Human Rights Commission, VANESSA DOWNING, speaks with Chief Meyer Kirkpatrick, about the reverse drug sting operation.

KIRKPATRICK

Officer Phillip Figueroa is filing this suit because he feels that he's been racially discriminated against. Is that correct, Miss Downing?

VANESSA

The lawsuit is for punitive damages that Officer Figueroa suffered.

KIRKPATRICK

Two-million dollars. Is that correct?

VANESSA

Yes it is. What was your reason for the reverse drug sting operation on Officer Phillip Figueroa?

KIRKPATRICK

The department received information from other officers and narcotics detectives that Officer Figueroa protected known drug dealers around Kansas City.

VANESSA

Do you have any hard proof?

KIRKPATRICK

We have actual surveillance photos of him holding substantial contents of crack-cocaine in his hand, then giving it right back to these dealers.

VANESSA

Are you aware, Chief Kirkpatrick, that there have been many discrimination suits against the police department from black police officers?

KIRKPATRICK

Yes, I'm aware of that.

VANESSA

Why's that?

KIRKPATRICK

The basis for most lawsuits filed by African-American officers have been the lack of promotion with the department and sometimes racial discrimination. Attorneys representing the police department have looked deep into these matters.

VANESSA

And the outcome?

KIRKPATRICK

An increase in promotions of African-American officers based on education and experience, Miss Downing.

INT. CITADEL HEIGHTS - NIGHT

PHILLIP and DALE are in his front room drinking beer and watching a classic NBA championship series.

DALE

What are you going to do, now?

PHILLIP
I've got a two-million dollar lawsuit
against the department.

DALE
Two big ones, huh?

PHILLIP
That's right.

DALE
Ready to make some big money in the
meantime?

PHILLIP
Doing what?

DALE
Sending my boys some customers.

PHILLIP
More baseheads?

DALE
You know it.

PHILLIP
Might as well since the police
department done accused me of being
a goddam drug dealer.

DALE
Since you've worked for the police
department, I know that you know
where the crackheads are.

PHILLIP
I've arrested a lot of them over the
years.

DALE
Go ahead and send some of them to my
spots.

PHILLIP
What's in it for me?

DALE
I'll cut you a sweet percentage.

PHILLIP
Sounds good.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

PHILLIP, DALE, AND "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL are in a private room inside one of DALE'S most profitable drug houses on Prospect. All three stand over a long table, looking down at large quantities of crack-cocaine and big sums of cash.

DALE

Here's the deal, Earl. Phillip is going to be sending you a lot of customers. With his help, we can make a killing off those baseheads.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL switches his estranged eyes over to PHILLIP.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

Aren't you a police officer?

PHILLIP

Was a police officer.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

What happened?

PHILLIP

I resigned.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

For what?

PHILLIP

The motherfuckers set me up!

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

Why are you switching camps now?

PHILLIP

I'm doing this until I get my lawsuit.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL

What lawsuit?

PHILLIP

A lawsuit for discrimination.

DALE

Phillip is not going to do us in. He used to work the streets and I know he can send us a lot of customers.

A light knock comes to the front door. "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL grabs his nine millimeter and answers with caution. He allows DOUBLE A entry to purchase more drugs. PHILLIP and DALE have their suspicions.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL
Whaddaya need?

DOUBLE A
Four dime rocks.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL
What else?

DOUBLE A
Nothing right now.

DOUBLE A hands over two fresh twenty dollar bills in marked currency in exchange for the four bags of crack.

"BUCK-TOOTH" EARL
Next time, bring some more baseheads with you.

DOUBLE A
Alright, cool.

DOUBLE A exits the house stuffing the drugs into his pocket. DALE studies him quite closely.

DALE
That dude looks real familiar.

PHILLIP
Familiar? How?

DALE
I know I've seen him somewhere before.

PHILLIP
Kansas City's small, Phil.

DALE
That's true.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

KIRKPATRICK, RUGGIERO, KRAMER, DOUBLE A, and other Narcotics DETECTIVES, are all seated around a large table inside a dim interrogation room on the third floor of the headquarters.

KIRKPATRICK
Did you see former police Officer Phillip Figueroa in a drug house on Prospect?

DOUBLE A
Yes sir, I did.

KIRKPATRICK

Who all were present in the home?

DOUBLE A

Phillip, Dale, and some guy they call 'Buck-Tooth' Earl. He runs this drug house for Dale.

KIRKPATRICK

What were they talking about?

DOUBLE A

Phillip told Dale that he'd send him some crack customers.

RUGGIERO presents a strong hand gesture.

RUGGIERO

Too bad your cassette monitor didn't pick up none of this.

KIRKPATRICK

Got that right. Alright, continue.

DOUBLE A

Dale said that he'd split some of the money with Phillip.

KIRKPATRICK

Like a percentage for every customer?

DOUBLE A

Exactly.

KIRKPATRICK

Did Figueroa mention anything about the police department?

DOUBLE A

Not while I was there.

KIRKPATRICK

You're definitely going to be instrumental in helping us bring him and the others down.

DOUBLE A

What's the next move?

KIRKPATRICK

We're piecing together a plan now.

DOUBLE A

What plan?

KIRKPATRICK

We're not sure at this moment.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - (NEXT DAY) - DAY

From orders handed down from KIRKPATRICK, DOUBLE A attempts to call PHILLIP from inside a police headquarters room where extra phones have been installed and wiretapped. RUGGIERO, KRAMER, and KIRKPATRICK listen in as the phone rings.

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

Can I speak with Phillip?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Who's this?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

My name's Anthony.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Anthony? Where do I know you from?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

I met you at one of Dale's houses.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Where 'Buck-Tooth' Earl works?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

Yeah.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

How did you get my number?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

'Buck Tooth' Earl gave it to me.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

What the fuck's he doing giving out my number!

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

I couldn't tell you that. But I need several eight balls and he told me to get in touch with you.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

I'm listening.

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

I need some of that fire stuff.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

How much exactly do you need?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

About five-thousand worth of weight.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Shit, that's a lot! How soon do you need it?

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

As soon as possible.

PHILLIP

(over phone)

Let me get in touch with Dale.

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

Where can I make the pickup at?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

At the house on Prospect where 'Buck-Tooth' Earl works at.

DOUBLE A

(into phone)

When?

PHILLIP

(over phone)

An hour, at least. Let me get in touch with Dale.

DOUBLE A
(into phone)
See you in an hour.

INT. BASEMENT OF HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MEMBERS of the Organized Crime Drug Enforcement Task Force tape a freshly concealed, sophisticated recording device to the chest of DOUBLE A. RUGGUERIO hands him five-thousand dollars in pre-recorded Drug Enforcement Unit Funds.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

PHILLIP, DALE, "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL, and DOUBLE A are standing in a secretive room in the very back of the dope house, ready to conduct a serious drug transaction.

DALE
So, you're wanting to spend five grand on some big weight?

DOUBLE A
You know it.

DALE
Are you doing the dope or you're selling it?

DOUBLE A
A little bit of both.

DALE
Phillip called me up and told me that you was ready to spend some serious cash.

DOUBLE A
Yeah, I called Phillip when I got all the money hustled up.

DOUBLE A reaches into his deep pockets and pulls out fifty, one-hundred dollar bills. Dale counts the money while "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL sorts through the many small sacks of crack-cocaine. He hands them over to DOUBLE A.

DALE
See Phil, I told you I'd take care of you.

DALE peels off thirteen-hundred dollars of the money and hands it over to PHILLIP.

PHILLIP
Bet you could more customers like him.

DALE

Let's get out of here and go spend
some of this money.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Drug Task Force AGENTS kick the door down with drug-sniffing German Shepards. RUGGIERO, KRAMER, and other AGENTS point their pistols directly into the faces of PHILLIP, DALE and "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL.

RUGGIERO

Get your hands up!

KRAMER

Don't nobody move!

PHILLIP and DALE have their arms held up high.

PHILLIP

What's this bullshit about?

RUGGIERO smiles directly in the face of PHILLIP.

RUGGIERO

It's about you finally going where
you belong.

PHILLIP

I don't know what you're talking
about.

RUGGIERO

Tell it to the judge, Figueroa.

PHILLIP

You don't even have a search warrant.

RUGGIERO flashes a signed search warrant before PHILLIP.

RUGGIERO

What's this?

RUGGIERO digs into PHILLIP'S pocket. He pulls out thirteen-hundred dollars of the marked currency.

PHILLIP

This bullshit was planned from the
start.

RUGGIERO

You screwed yourself, Figueroa.

The canines go all through the house sniffing for more drugs. PHILLIP, DALE, and "BUCK-TOOTH" EARL are handcuffed, read their rights, and led out to the waiting squad cars.

EXT. PROSPECT AVENUE - DAY

An ANCHORWOMAN from News Channel 7 rushes up into the face of PHILLIP with her microphone and CAMERA CREW.

ANCHORWOMAN

Mr. Figueroa, what do you basically want people to know?

PHILLIP

Basically, that I'm innocent and I'm not a drug dealer.

ANCHORWOMAN

How do you feel about your former colleagues arresting you?

PHILLIP

Not good.

ANCHORWOMAN

What do you plan to do now?

PHILLIP

Get a good lawyer to help me beat this case.

INT. COURTROOM A - DAY

Federal U.S. Prosecutor from the Western District of Missouri, WALLACE DANBERRY, brings his opening statement to a close. JUDGE RUMINSKI looks over at PHILLIP'S attorney, the aggressive and shrewd NELSON BERNSTEIN.

RUMINSKI

Mr. Bernstein, are you ready to proceed with your opening statement on behalf of the defendant?

BERNSTEIN

Yes, your honor.

RUMINSKI

Alright, you may proceed.

BERNSTEIN takes floor straightening his tie and suitjacket.

BERNSTEIN

On the tapes, you will hear Phillip talk about suing the police

(MORE)

BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)
department, and that he'd been waiting on a settlement. Why would he risk a large settlement of money for a small amount of money, which was only thirteen-hundred dollars? Evidence will show that the police department set my client up because he refused to follow their orders. I thank you very much for your time.

INT. COURTROOM A - (THIRD DAY) - DAY

PHILLIP and BERNSTEIN stand majestically at the defense table, while they nervously wait for the JURY FOREMAN to read from the verdict sheet.

JURY FOREMAN
We the jury, find the defendant, Phillip Antonio Figueroa, guilty of conspiracy to distribute a cocaine base as charged in count one.

All expression leaves PHILLIP'S face, as BERNSTEIN places his arm around him. Mild pandemonium breaks out in the courtroom. RUMINSKI fidgets up at the bench.

RUMINSKI
(shouts)
Order in the court! Order in the court!

RUMINSKI looks out at PHILLIP with his arm stretched out.

RUMINSKI (CONT'D)
Having been found guilty, Mr. Figueroa, this court hereby sentences you to serve ten years at the Federal Penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas.

PHILLIP is handcuffed by the court-appointed OFFICERS and led through a side door.

FADE OUT